

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXVI.

NOVEMBER, 1928

NO. 11



STRATFORD HOUSE—HISTORIC HOME OF THE LEES

This picture of the birthplace and early home of Gen. R. E. Lee is taken from an old engraving which shows the place as it must have been in its prime. Though it passed into other hands, Stratford has been well cared for and can be easily restored to its early splendor. Its purchase and restoration is an important piece of work to be brought before the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Houston, Tex., November 20-25.

BOOKS, CONFEDERATE AND OTHERWISE.

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NEW EDITION HORTON'S HISTORY.

Miss Mary D. Carter, of Upperville, Va., who has sponsored the republication of Horton's "Youth's History of the War," writes that the new edition sells at \$1.40, instead of \$1.25, as given in the review by the Historian General, U. D. C. In lots of five, the price will be \$1.15 each. All orders should be sent to the Southern Publishing Company, of Dallas, Tex.

ATTENTION, U. D. C.

In order to have a correct list of Division and Chapter officers in the forthcoming Minutes, U. D. C., it is necessary that the results of all 1928 elections be sent in at once. The Corresponding Secretary of each Chapter is urged to send a list of Chapter officers to the State Division Corresponding Secretary, who will forward to the Corresponding Secretary General; also, the Memorial Roll of each Chapter should be reported, and any deaths and changes in the Division officers. It is very necessary to have the correct names and addresses of Division and Chapter officers, and all Corresponding Secretaries will please give their prompt attention to this.

Granada Apartments, Nashville, Tenn,

MARY LOU GORDON WHITE,
Corresponding Secretary General.

FIVE MILLION MEMBERS
WANTED.

On Armistic Day, November 11, the American Red Cross will launch its twelfth annual Roll Call, during which the people of the United States will be asked to assure the continued effectiveness of Red Cross national services by the support of their membership.

For the coming year, the American Red Cross seeks an enrollment of five million members. Year by year, since the World War, demands for Red Cross service along varied lines have increased. The American Red Cross is the chartered agency of the American people through which the people can accomplish humanitarian service. Such service is made possible by the solid support of Americans everywhere through membership in the organization. Membership necessarily should be representative of the great body of the people.

In asking for five million members for the coming year, the Red Cross has set a modest goal. It means that only about four out of every hundred people in the country will have joined, if the full goal is achieved.

These four out of each hundred of the nation's population will be actively supporting through their membership in the American Red Cross, the foremost disaster relief organization in the world; a recognized medium of assistance in behalf of the people to service and ex-service men and their families, and many other nation-wide services designed to meet present-day needs of the people.

The annual Roll Call will open on November 11, and close November 29, during which new members will be asked to join.

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By E. T. SYKES

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Confederate Veteran

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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GEN. J. C. FOSTER, Houston, Tex. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Comrades, Daughters, Sons: As a soldier at Fort Sumter, the first battle of the war, I invite your studious attention to a few important facts. I was present when the first gun was fired on Friday, April 12, 1861, and now recall clearly the impressive incidents of that eventful day.

I see vessels with troops and supplies for the besieged fort at anchor in the bay, just beyond the reach of our shells. I see and hear the thundering cannon, continuously all day Friday and Friday night until noon Saturday, when flames began to leap from the smoking fort, greeted by cheers from the Confederate forces, for they knew the end was near. In a short while, the big guns ceased their horrible roar and we heard loud cheering as the white flag waved over Sumter, succeeded by more cheering as the wonderful news was heard that not a drop of human blood had been shed on either side. Terms were arranged whereby the commander was to salute his flag before hauling it down, and he and his garrison were to be transferred to the vessels in the bay. On Sunday, the 14th, when the flag was being saluted, one man was killed and a few wounded by the bursting of a gun. As the steamer with the garrison on board moved from the bay, the Confederates along the shore stood in line with hats off in acknowledgment of their gallantry in defense.

The war vessels with armed recruits and supplies for Fort Sumter were secretly organized and dispatched by the governmental authorities at Washington, contrary to a definite understanding, acting thus in a spirit of duplicity, a prophetic illustration of the type of aggressive warfare that was to be mercilessly waged for the next four years under the direction and congratulations of Abraham Lincoln. The Confederates waged a defensive war on a high humanitarian plane under the direction and congratulations of Jefferson Davis.

A. T. GOODWIN, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

Man's acts proclaim nobility, and not the kingly crest;
For he's the noblest who performs life's trying duties best.

—Adelia C. Graves.

Fie upon thee, November, thou dost ape
The airs of thy young sisters; thou hast stolen
The witching smile of May to grace thy lip,
And April's rare capricious loveliness
Thou'rt trying to put on.—Julia Carolina Ripley.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

DROOP MOUNTAIN.

Hills blue and silent
 Behind this old battleground;
 Hills that once rang with cries of dying men,
 And with the gun's resound.

Once on this cool mountain slope,
 Where grasses green and trees now wave,
 Brothers were enemies, friends were foes,
 Who now sleep here in one great, silent grave.

Dusk—failing o'er the battle field,
 Shadows lengthening o'er the hilltops, night—
 Sleep on, O gallant men, both blue and gray,
 You gave your all for what you thought was right.
 —Louise McNeill (17 years of age).

CORRECTIONS DUE.

In the sketch of Gen. Felix H. Robertson, in the October VETERAN, page 365, some unfortunate typographical errors were made in copying the part contributed by Col. Raymond Cay, his friend and comrade. Though Colonel Cay does not ask the correction of these, the VETERAN feels that it is due him and wishes to make amends for the seeming carelessness.

Beginning near the top of second column on page 365, the Liberty Independent Troop was in the 5th Georgia Cavalry, and simply a part of it.

Felix Robertson joined Beauregard at Charleston and assisted in "erecting the batteries," not enlisting.

In the next paragraph, University Ridge should be Missionary Ridge.

In the next to last paragraph reference is made to the burning of the wagons of Hood's Corps, which should have been Hardee's Corps. And it was Major Davant, not Durant, of the 5th Georgia (top page 366).

In second paragraph on page 366, "Turning west by a new road" should be turning east.

And in the last paragraph, "across the Sugalo" should be the Tugalo, "the mountain name for the upper Savannah River," writes Colonel Cay.

A CREPE MYRTLE CITY.—Down at Decatur, Ala., the League of Women Voters has inaugurated a plan for beautifying the city, the first step of which is the planting of crepe myrtle on every lot. By this means it is hoped to have Decatur known as the "Crepe Myrtle City." This work is in line with the work of the U. D. C., in beautifying highways, and the suggestion is made that there be special effort to use the old-fashioned shrubs wherever possible. Now that stock is not allowed along the roadways, shrubs will have a chance to grow and bloom, and the crepe myrtle, which grows into trees in the deep South, the syringa, snowball, spireas of every kind, and other shrubs known to our grandmothers' gardens will help to make of this Southern section a garden of distinction. In the old days, every home had its garden and orchard, and our efforts should be to encourage such distinctive plantings now as will bring back the fruits and flowers for which the Old South was so noted.

WAR PROPAGANDA STILL IN CIRCULATION.

It is well known that in time of war many stories of cruelty and inhuman action on the part of the enemy are circulated for the purpose of stirring up patriotic ire or inflaming the baser passions of a people, such as hatred and the desire for vengeance. Striking examples of this propaganda are found in the stories of cruelties perpetrated by the Germans in the invasion of Belgium during the World War, many of which are still in circulation. But it does seem that such stories directed against the South during the War between the States should have wholly died out in the more than sixty years since that fratricidal war, yet now and then one reads of the inhuman treatment accorded the unfortunates held in Southern prisons, of Southern women exulting over the suffering of enemy wounded, and such utterly base accusations against a Christian people. But it remains for one publication to go to the limit in the following ridiculous story about Gen. John Morgan after the war. This is the story as published in the *Argosy* of August 25, 1928:

OLD BOOK BOUND WITH HUMAN SKIN.

"In the library of the Iliff School of Theology in Denver, Colo., is an old book which is bound in the skin of an Indian, and, in spite of this strange human parchment, it is in an excellent state of preservation. The old book, 'History of Christianity,' was once the property of Gen. John H. Morgan, famous Confederate raider. It was published in 1752, and it is written in Latin. By a strange turn of fate, the once owner and binder of the ancient book, one of the historic characters of the Civil War and the old West, is but a memory and his mortal remains are dust, while the skin of the Indian warrior, his bitter enemy, is preserved and highly prized.

"After the war, General Morgan came to the West, where he met the savage Indians in many battles. In a terrible hand-to-hand encounter he fought a chief with knives. Morgan finally killed the Indian, and he was so embittered by the struggle that he had the skin of his enemy cut from the body. His revenge was in having it treated and bleached to form a cover for the old Latin book.

"Morgan was no Latin student, but the book which he chose at random satirized the whole affair. The skin, which is a yellowish color, is not broken or cracked, although it has been on the book nearly sixty years.

"The book was given to Gen. William Barnes, a close friend of General Morgan, and his son, Robert Barnes, presented it to the theological school. It is probably the only book in the world having a binding of human skin.—Frank S. Reynolds."

NULLIFICATION AND SECESSION.—I hope none who hear me will confound this expression of mine with the advocacy of the right of a State to remain in the Union and to disregard its constitutional obligations by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory. Nullification and secession, so often confounded, are indeed antagonistic principles. Nullification is a remedy which it is sought to apply within the Union, and against the agent of the States. It is only to be justified when the agent has violated his constitutional obligation, and a State, assuming to judge for itself, denies the right of the agent thus to act, and appeals to the other States of the Union for a decision; but when the States themselves, and when the people of the States, have so acted as to convince us that they will not regard our constitutional rights, then, and then for the first time, arises the doctrine of secession in its practical application.—Jefferson Davis.

NEW COMMANDER TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V.

Gen. T. C. Little, who was elected to command the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., at the annual reunion in Fayetteville, Tenn., October 10-11, was born in Bedford County, Tenn., March 17, 1848, therefore, is one of the "young" Confederates.



GEN. T. C. LITTLE

He enlisted in the Confederate army in September, 1864, at Shelbyville, Tenn., and was in the fight at the salt works in Virginia. He also helped to fight Sherman on the way to the sea; was with General Forrest after the battle of Franklin to the surrender; fought with Forrest's Escort during Wilson's raid, and was paroled with the Escort, May 9, 1865. He is one of the leading citizens of Fayetteville and devoted to the principles for which he fought in the sixties.

MEMORIAL TO WINNIE DAVIS AT BEAUVOIR.

It will be of general interest to know that the work of restoring Beauvoir Mansion to its state during the life of President Davis there has been started in the furnishing of one of the rooms as a memorial to his beloved "Winnie," known throughout the South as "The Daughter of the Confederacy." Through Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Mississippi, a close friend of the family, some of the original furnishing of the room has been restored—the lace curtains, the china water set, and pictures which Winnie Davis brought from Europe—and replicas of the heavier furniture were procured through the generous gift of Mr. Walter M. Lampton, the good friend always of Beauvoir and its inmates. Over the mantel hangs the beautiful portrait of Winnie Davis in her mature young womanhood, painted in the royal costume which she wore as Queen of the Revels at Mardi Gras in New Orleans in 1892. This portrait was painted by the order of Mrs. Kimbrough, and for many years had hung in Mississippi's "Hall of Fame"

at Jackson, awaiting the day for its placement at Beauvoir. Mrs. Kimbrough is President of the Memorial Association of Mississippi, and gives the portrait as a part of the memorial furnishings.

The dedicatory exercises, which took place on Sunday, September 23, were interesting and beautiful. A lovely feature was the placing of wreaths before the portrait in the name of the different Chapters U. D. C., which had contributed them. An address on the life of Jefferson Davis, was given by B. C. Bowen, of the Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp, whose father had been a friend of Mr. Davis. Mrs. Kimbrough read a beautiful description of the portrait and of the life and death of Winnie Davis. The painting was by a Swiss artist, who sketched from the Beauvoir porch, the magnolias as a background, where Winnie had so often sat and sketched. Others contributed their part in songs loved by the one they were thus honoring, and there was music by the American Legion Fife and Drum Corps.

It was the wish of Mrs. Davis that such tribute should be rendered the memory of her loved daughter, and its achievement now is due to the devoted and persistent efforts of Mrs. Kimbrough and the generosity of Mr. Lampton.

This is but the beginning of what is planned for the restoration of Beauvoir when it is no longer needed as a Home for Confederate veterans of the State, and it is indeed most fitting that the place which sheltered the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy in his last years, where he lived and labored over his great work in vindication of the South in the sixties, should become a memorial shrine to which his people can repair to honor his memory.

COL. ST. LEGER GRENFELL.

Special inquiry has come to the VETERAN for information on Col. St. Leger Grenfell, a British officer who was connected with the Confederate army, and especially with the command of John H. Morgan. At the close of the war he was imprisoned at Dry Tortugas, for what is not known, but he is mentioned in a number of letters from Dr. Samuel Mudd, who was also imprisoned in that God-forsaken spot for his alleged complicity in the assassination of Lincoln, he having set the broken ankle of Booth. In attempting to escape from that infested place, Colonel Grenfell's boat was driven out to sea, and he was never heard of again. Any readers of the VETERAN who know anything of him, or where any information on his life may be obtained will please communicate with the VETERAN.

A footnote on page 105 of Volume IX, Confederate Military History, gives the following:

Col. St. Leger Grenfell was a distinguished British officer who had served in the Crimean War and in India, and, having tendered his services to the Confederacy, accompanied General Morgan on this expedition (Morgan's report of July 30, 1862, of his raid through Tennessee and Kentucky) as inspector on his staff. He continued with his command until the close of the war, and was conspicuous at all times for his dashing gallantry in leading charges and promoting efficient organization. When the war closed, he was denied terms by the Federal government and imprisoned at Dry Tortugas. In attempting to escape in a boat, he was driven to sea by a storm and never heard of.

Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.
—George Washington.

ROBERT E. LEE.

Defeat but made him tower more grandly high—
Sackcloth about *him* was transformed to gold
And royal purple in each flawless fold;
His soul pierced darkness like the sun god's eye:
His the deep knowledge how to live, and die.
Calmly benignant, and superbly bold,
All incorruptible—unbought, unsold—
A steadfast splendor in a stormy sky.

The winds may rage, the frightened clouds be driven
Like multitudinous banners, torn and tossed,
Retreating from some mighty conflict lost—
But, far beyond all shapes and sounds of ill,
That star—his soul—is shining calmly still,
A steadfast splendor in a stormy heaven!

—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

STRATFORD, HOME OF THE LEES.

One of the interesting things to be brought before the U. D. C. convention at Houston is the movement, sponsored by the New England Chapter, U. D. C., to purchase Stratford, the old Lee home in Westmoreland County, Va., and make this a shrine, or a meeting place for the general organization. A price has been put upon the place by its present owner and an estimate made by an architect as to the cost of restoration, all of which will be presented to the convention at Houston by Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President of the William Alexander, Jr., Chapter of Greenwich, Conn., by whom the movement was inaugurated.

Something about this old home of the Lees will be of special interest at this time. Though General Lee left this old family home at a very early age, his father removing the family to Alexandria in 1811, a lasting impression of its many charms was made upon his infant mind. When deprived of the noble old home of Arlington, his thoughts reverted to the place of his birth as a refuge for his family, and of it he wrote in November, 1861, to his daughters, who had just made a visit to Stratford: "I am much pleased at your description of Stratford and your visit. It is endeared to me by many recollections, and it has been always a great desire of my life to be able to purchase it. Now that we have no other home, and the one we so loved has been so foully polluted, the desire is stronger with me than ever. The horse chestnut you mention in the garden was planted by my mother. I am sorry the vault is so dilapidated. You did not mention the spring, one of the objects of my earliest recollections."

Writing to his wife on Christmas Day of the same year, he says: "In the absence of a home, I wish I could purchase Stratford. That is the only other place I could go to, now accessible to us, that would inspire me with feelings of pleasure and local love. You and the girls could remain there in quiet. It is a poor place, but we could make enough cornbread and bacon for our support, and the girls could weave us clothes. I wonder if it is for sale and at how much. Ask Fitzhugh to try to find out when he gets to Fredericksburg."

In his interesting "Life of Gen. R. E. Lee," John Esten Cooke gives this description of Stratford: "The original Stratford house is supposed to have been built by Richard Lee, the first of the family in the New World. Whoever may have been its founder, it was destroyed in the time of Thomas Lee, an eminent representative of the name, early in the eighteenth century. Thomas Lee was a member of the King's

Council, a gentleman of great popularity, and when it was known that his house had been burned, contributions were everywhere made to rebuild it. The governor, the merchants of the colony, even Queen Anne herself in person, united in this subscription; the house speedily rose again at a cost of about eighty thousand dollars; and this is the edifice still standing in Westmoreland. The sum expended in its construction must not be estimated in the light of to-day. At that time the greater part of the heavy work in house-building was performed by servants of the manor; it is fair, indeed, to say that the larger part of the work thus cost nothing in money; and thus the eighty thousand dollars represented only the English brick, the carvings, furniture, and decorations.

"The construction of such an edifice had at that day a distinct object. These great old manor houses, lost in the depths of the country, were intended to become the headquarters of the family in all time. In their large apartments the eldest son was to uphold the name. Generation after generation was to pass and some one of the old name still live there; and though all this has passed away now and may appear a worn-out superstition, and though some persons may stigmatize it as contributing to the sentiment of 'aristocracy,' the strongest opponents of that old system may pardon in us the expression of some regret that this love of the hearthstone and old family memories should have disappeared. The great man whose character is sought to be delineated in this volume never lost to the last this home and family sentiment. He knew the kinships of every one, and loved the old country houses of the old Virginia families, plain and honest people, attached, like himself, to the Virginia soil. . . .

"Stratford, the old home of the Lees, but to-day the property of others, stands on a picturesque bluff on the southern bank of the Potomac, and is a house of very considerable size. It is built in the form of the letter H. The walls are several feet in thickness; in the center is a saloon thirty feet in size; and surmounting each wing is a pavilion with balustrades, above which rise clusters of chimneys. The front door is reached by a broad flight of steps, and the grounds are handsome and variegated by the bright foliage of oaks, cedars, and maple trees. Here and there in the extensive lawn rises a slender and ghostly old Lombardy poplar, a tree once a great favorite in Virginia, but now seen only here and there, the relics of a past generation.

"Within, the Stratford house is as antique as without, and with its halls, corridors, wainscoting, and ancient moldings, takes the visitor back to the era of powder and silk stockings. Such was the mansion to which General Harry Lee came to live after the Revolution, and the sight of the old home must have been dear to the soldier's heart. Here had flourished three generations of Lees, dispensing a profuse and open-handed hospitality. In each of the generations some one of the family had distinguished himself and attracted the 'best company' to Stratford; the old walls had rung with merriment; the great door was wide open; everybody was welcome; and one could see there a good illustration of a long-passed manner of living, which had at the least the merit of being hearty, open-handed, and picturesque. General Harry Lee, the careless soldier, partook of the family tendency to hospitality; he kept open house, entertained all comers, and hence, doubtless, sprung the pecuniary embarrassments embittering an old age which his eminent public services should have rendered serene and happy."

For some mention of the Lees who were identified with this old manor house of Stratford, we turn to that biography of Gen. R. E. Lee, which was edited by R. A. Brock, so long connected with the Southern Historical Society of Richmond,

Va., who says that "the first generation of Lees in Virginia begins with Colonel Richard Lee, who came over in 1641-42, possibly in the same ship that brought Sir William Berkeley." There was a strong friendship between the two, and during Sir William's reign of power there were many grants of land issued to Richard Lee, and this became the foundation of the Lee estates in Virginia. Richard Lee became a large planter, locating homes in many counties of the "Northern Neck," was a prominent man of affairs, and held many high offices. But upon the "restoration," he returned to England, though he directed by will that his children should be settled on his estates in Virginia. So it was done, and his son Richard II, took his place as the head of the family in the Old Dominion. There were but six generations from the immigrant Richard to the time of Gen. Robert E. Lee, represented by Richard, Richard, Jr., Henry, Henry, Jr., Light Horse Harry, and Robert E. Lee. But it was Thomas, the fifth son of Richard Lee, Jr., who inherited the Stratford estate, and it is said that he built the mansion. However that may be, he rebuilt it and possibly in a more elaborate manner. By the marriage of his granddaughter Matilda with Light Horse Harry Lee, the old mansion was brought into the line which produced Gen. Robert E. Lee. Thomas Lee, having only a common Virginia education, with strong natural talents became a man of learning by his own efforts, acquired a considerable fortune, and held high place in the affairs of the colony. He became its president and commander in chief, and later the king made him governor, the only man who was ever made governor by royal appointment; but he died in 1750 before his commission reached him.

Stratford is not far from Mt. Vernon or Wakefield, places so closely associated with the life of George Washington, and Thomas Lee is buried in the cemetery of Pope's Creek Church, where George Washington was baptized and where the Lees worshiped in the early days. Two signers of the Declaration of Independence were born at Stratford—Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee—and in that old mansion the eyes of Robert Edward Lee first saw the light. Richard Henry Lee was a grandson of Thomas Lee, and it was he who, on June 10, 1776, moved that "these colonies are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent States," and it is told that but for the illness of his wife, which called him home, he might have written the Declaration instead of Thomas Jefferson. "His services to the cause of the colony were great, and their struggle for independence was sustained by his tongue and pen. He was a great orator, an accomplished scholar, a learned debater and a renowned statesman." He was a great uncle of General Lee.

Indeed, each generation of the Lees in America produced a man or men of affairs, noted for learning and leadership, and "no Virginian could boast of so many distinguished sons as Thomas Lee. Of them General Washington wrote in 1777: 'I know of no country that can produce a family all distinguished as clever men as our Lees.'"

With such close association with the building of this great republic, and so large a part of the Old Dominion, it seems most fitting that the old mansion of Stratford should be preserved as a shrine equally as important as any other connected with the great of this country.

LEE.

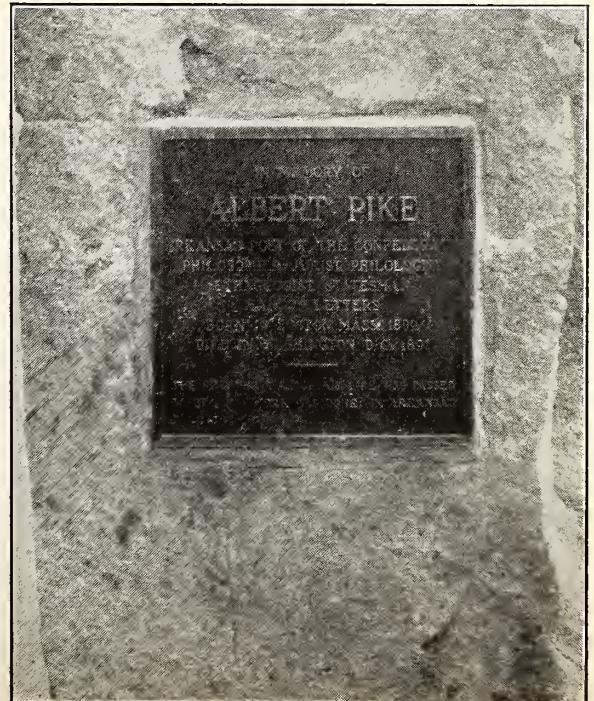
This man hath breathed all balms of light,
And quaffed all founts of grace,
Till glory, on the mountain height,
Has met him face to face. —Francis O. Ticknor.

IN THE SOUTH'S OPEN-AIR WESTMINSTER.

In the quiet cemetery about old Calvary Church in the mountains of Western North Carolina, near the little village of Fletcher, a place has been set apart for memorials to some of the South's great men, or those who have contributed to Southern greatness or distinction. The idea for this "Open-Air Westminster" originated with the rector of Old Calvary Church, the Rev. C. R. McClellan, who is of the family of the North's leading general at the beginning of the War between the States, but whose "heart is in the South." The first of these memorials was the R. E. Lee marker on the Dixie Highway, set there by the Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina and dedicated on May 2, 1926, and this was the real inspiration for memorializing others there. Another memorial is to Sidney Lanier, placed by his friend, George Westfeldt, of New Orleans, to whom Lanier's poem "Sunrise" was dedicated. The author of "Dixie Land" is also memorialized there, and others, the last stone placed being the tribute of the Arkansas Daughters of the Confederacy to the great poet and Master Mason of that State, Albert Pike, as shown by the inscription on tablet here illustrated.

At the dedicatory exercises on Sunday afternoon, September 30, Arkansas was represented by two prominent Daughters of the State. Mrs. George Hughes, President of the Arkansas Division, U. D. C., made the official presentation of the memorial, and Mrs. J. F. Weinmann gave a splendid tribute to the life and work of "Albert Pike, the Man," this being the principal address of the occasion. There was music appropriate for the time and other features that made the exercises most enjoyable.

There could hardly be a more suitable place for an "Open-Air Westminster" than this hallowed ground. The churchyard of Old Calvary seems a place set apart as holy, the very air sanctifies it, the beautiful white pines glorify it, and all about is evidence that here are those who have entered the realm of peace. May their peace ne'er be disturbed!



MEMORIAL IN OLD CALVARY CEMETERY

THE PASSING OF THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

ON VIEWING THE PARADE AT LITTLE ROCK, ARK., MAY
11, 1928.

BY M. E. DUNAWAY, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Like sturdy ships on storm-swept seas,
Like rugged limbs on stalwart trees,
With silvery locks, in garments gray,
The warrior lines pass by to-day.
Unmindful of the passing years—
A theme for mingled awe and cheers.

And those who march in state to-day
Have anchored in our hearts to stay—
The vanguard of that mighty host
Of whose brave deeds we love to boast.

Ne'er will their valor be extinct,
For they in memory will be linked
With all that's great and brave and true—
A shrine where scions will renew
Their love and faith—their valor, trust,
Their zeal for all that's good and just.

And they shall live in song and story,
Enshrined shall live in endless glory,
With records written on Fame's pages
Through the countless coming ages.

Time they defy to call them on—
For them there's no oblivion.
As long as men love buoyant youth,
As long as they adore the truth,
As long as Honor's diadem
Shall crown true hearts—a priceless gem—
Their virtues, dimming faults and scars,
Shall shine supreme as constant stars.

The memory of these Men in Gray
Shall never, never pass away.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND WIDOWS.

Report compiled by Edmond R. Wiles, Commander in
Chief, S. C. V., on number of living Confederate veterans
and widows in the Southern States, the amount of pensions
paid each, and other data of historical interest and value
concerning the veterans.

ALABAMA.

Number of living veterans.....	1,821
Number of living Confederate widows.....	5,183
Amount of pension paid veterans, per month.....	\$ 50 00
Amount of pension paid widows of first class, per month.....	\$ 25 00
Amount of pension paid widows of second class, per month.....	\$ 15 00
Amount of pension paid widows of third class, per month.....	\$ 10 00

ARKANSAS.

Number of living veterans.....	2,500
Number of living Confederate widows.....	3,284
Amount of pension paid, per month to both veterans and widows.....	\$ 50 00

GEORGIA.

Number of living veterans.....	2,670
Number of living Confederate widows.....	4,657
Amount paid disabled veterans, per year.....	\$290 00
Minimum amount paid to veterans and widows, per year.....	\$200 00

NORTH CAROLINA.

Number of living veterans.....	2,269
Number of living Confederate widows.....
Amount paid veterans first class, per year.....	\$420 00
Amount paid veterans second class, per year.....	\$365 00
Amount paid negro servants, per year.....	\$200 00
Amount paid disabled widows, per year.....	\$420 00
Amount paid widows of class A, per year.....	\$300 00
Amount paid widows of class B, per year.....	\$100 00

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Number of living veterans.....	1,971
Number of living Confederate widows.....	4,490
Amount paid veterans and widows, per month.....	\$ 66 00

TENNESSEE.

Number of living veterans (approximately).....	1,350
Number of living Confederate widows (approx- imately).....	2,500
Maximum amount paid veterans, per month.....	\$ 35 00
Minimum amount paid veterans, per month.....	\$ 25 00
Maximum amount paid widows, per month.....	\$ 12 50
Minimum amount paid widows, per month.....	\$ 10 00
Amount paid body servants, per month.....	\$ 10 00

OKLAHOMA.

Number of living veterans and widows.....	912
Amount of pension paid, per month.....	\$ 25 00
Minimum amount paid to veterans and widows, per month.....	\$ 10 00

KENTUCKY.

Number of living veterans.....	385
Amount paid veterans, per month.....	\$ 12 00
Amount paid widows, per month.....	\$ 12 00

TEXAS.

Number of living veterans.....	2,857
Number of living Confederate widows.....	8,572
Amount of pensions paid veterans, per month.....	\$ 16 66
Amount (maximum) allowed under the law, per month.....	\$ 25 00

MISSISSIPPI.

Number of living veterans.....	2,016
Number of living Confederate widows.....
Maximum amount paid veterans and widows, per month.....	\$ 16 66
Amount paid servants, per year.....	\$ 40 00

VIRGINIA.

Number of living veterans.....	2,300
Number of living Confederate widows.....
Maximum amount paid veterans, per year.....	\$320 00
Amount paid veterans second class, per year.....	\$200 00
Maximum amount paid widows, per year.....	\$200 00
Amount paid widows second class, per year.....	\$100 00
Amount paid servants, per year.....	\$ 40 00

FLORIDA.

Number of living veterans.....	648
Number of living Confederate widows.....	2,122
Maximum amount paid disabled veterans, per month.....	\$ 45 00
Minimum amount paid veterans and widows, per month.....	\$ 40 00

LOUISIANA.

Number of living veterans.....	831
Number of living Confederate widows.....	2,375
Maximum amount paid veterans, per month.....	\$ 30 00
Minimum amount paid veterans, per month, both veterans and widows.....	\$ 20 00

Total number of veterans receiving pensions—as shown by reports given by thirteen States of the Confederacy..... 22,529

Total number of Confederate widows receiving pensions—as shown by reports given by eight States of the Confederacy..... 33,173

Total number veterans and widows..... 55,702

From information furnished by those in a position to be best informed on matters pertaining to the veterans, it is evident that there are living at this time, in addition to those receiving pensions, a number equal to fifteen per cent of the total number of those receiving pensions who are not drawing pensions for various reasons.

Based on a total of 24,000 drawing pensions, fifteen per cent additional *not* drawing pensions—added to this makes a total of 26,000 living Confederate veterans at this time.

This estimate is not excessive, in my opinion, as there are those scattered throughout the Northern, Western, and Eastern States not accounted for, there being no Confederate pensions paid, therefore, no records available. There are a great number of Confederate veterans living in Missouri that are not included in this estimate, as I was unable to secure data from this State.

The matter of increasing the pensions in several States of the Southern Confederacy should be taken up at once, as it can readily be seen the amount is inadequate to sustain a veteran or widow without outside assistance. It is a deplorable fact that only a very few States pay as much to sustain its Confederate soldiers as is allowed for their dependents and paupers, which is \$300, per year. We certainly owe more to the Confederate soldier than to the paupers of the State whom we are forced to support.

COMPILATION OF CONFEDERATE RECORDS.

(The following interesting statement of the work of compiling the records of the Confederate army, which has been going on for many years, was sent to the *VETERAN* by John W. Davison, Cherrydale Station, Washington, D. C., who got it up at the request of Capt. Thomas M. Riley, of the 5th Alabama Regiment, A. N. V., and it gives a clear insight of the methods used in making these records as complete as possible. Many valuable papers of the Confederate government were destroyed when captured or lost in the destruction of Richmond and other places at the close of the war. But those which have come into the possession of the War Department of the United States government have been carefully compiled and are now in form to furnish information on the war record

of even the most lowly private whose name has been indexed. It is also interesting to know that "the work involved in connection with this required a filing of 1,447,663 index records, the making of 1,136,705 new records index cards, and arrangement for filing of 450,000 personal papers. The office is now able to furnish information in the case of 50,000 more Confederate veterans than formerly, though in some cases this information is very meager.)

The recent death of Felix H. Robertson of Texas, the last surviving general officer of the Confederate army, records the passing of the last "Confederate brigadier" and the closing chapter of pathetic memories of the War between the States. In 1904, there were four lieutenant generals, eleven major generals, and fifty one brigadier generals living. They have all passed on.

Among the people generally, especially those of the South, owing to the voluminous character of the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies" which now consists of one hundred twenty-eight volumes, there seems to be dearth of information in regard to a certain class of regimental statistics which are essential to a true history of the war, and might be of interest not only to the few surviving Confederate soldiers, but to their posterity. Besides, it is noted that there are interesting deductions of local interest often overlooked in a casual perusal of these vast volumes, which it seems might be condensed into an item of popular reading, made up from the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies."

On a recent visit to the War Department, through the courtesy of L. H. Rosafy, Chief Clerk, Old Records Division of the Adjutant General's Office, and W. Beck, in charge of the Confederate Group Information, information was obtained of the source and method of compilation of the Confederate records, how indexed and carded and arranged for ready reference to those who wish to apply for information.

The Confederate records began to be made immediately at the close of the war, as follows:

How Obtained.—By capture and surrender during and at the close of the war.

By donation and individuals after the war or loan from State officials.

Character of Records—1. Correspondence and other records of the several departments and bureaus of the government (incomplete).

2. Rolls and other records of the army (incomplete).

3. Confederate States Navy records are in the custody of the Navy Department.

The records of the army consist of: (a) Muster rolls, returns, and other records made or signed by an officer of the unit concerned.

(b) Hospital, post, or other records containing names of soldiers absent from their commands.

(c) Union prisoners of war and other Union records relating to Confederate soldiers.

(d) Official reports and correspondence.

In 1903, a law was enacted providing for the compilation of a roster of the Confederate army. In carrying out the provisions of this act, all army records bearing more than one name were "carded." The "carding" consisted of copying the data relative to each soldier upon an individual record card. All cards relating to each soldier were then collected in an individual envelope, in which also were placed personal papers.

Envelopes of all men belonging to each organization (regiment, independent battalion, or independent company) were then assembled and arranged alphabetically by organization.

Preceding the first envelope is a jacket containing cards showing what muster rolls of each company and the field and staff are on file; also the record of events and station, if given, and the regimental and company returns.

The organization envelopes were then grouped; first, by State, then by arm of the service (cavalry, artillery, and infantry); then arranged numerically, or, if the organization was named instead of numbered, alphabetically according to the title of the organization.

Many changes in the designation of organizations took place. Usually the official or the final designation is used for filing purposes.

The individual records have been doubly indexed, both by State and by a general index of all of the States, including the regular army.

Records of civilian employees and unidentified records of soldiers have been arranged in alphabetical files.

The correspondence files, both books and papers, of the War Department and of the Adjutant and Inspector General's Office, and Quartermaster General's Office, have been indexed.

There is also a separate index for Sequestration Records.

Statements from the Confederate Records are made to:

- (a) The pension officials of fifteen States.
- (b) Confederate Soldiers' Homes of sixteen States.
- (c) The officials of the following patriotic societies: United Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Children of the Confederacy.
- (d) Historians and historical societies.
- (e) United States Pension Office, relative to Confederate soldiers who subsequently served in the Federal army.
- (f) The Quartermaster General, in relation to headstones.
- (g) To the public, when, under the rules of the War Department, it is proper to do so.

The latest appropriation for the purpose of carding and arranging the Confederate records was made April 15, 1926, and since that time the Adjutant General's Office has been engaged in completing the work in order to make the records available for ready reference, and to complete and publish a roster should Congress authorize such publication and make the necessary appropriation therefor.

It should be noted, however, that the file of Confederate records in the possession of the War Department is far from complete, and any list published from such source would fall far short of the actual number.

THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

I read with interest the article on Armistead's Brigade at Seven Pines, by Robert W. Barnwell, in the *VETERAN* for September, in which he differs from Comrade Easley, of South Boston, Va. I missed the latter's article and cannot discuss that, but there are some errors in the article on Armistead's Brigade at Seven Pines.

I was a member of Company C, 18th Mississippi Regiment, Griffith's Brigade, Magruder's Division, when the Seven Pines battle was fought. Griffith's Brigade was held in reserve and was not engaged at Seven Pines, and I will not enter into that except to say it was generally known that the battle was not a victory, due to the interference of Longstreet, who kept the troops moving in opposite directions from the proper point to attack. The battle of Seven Pines was a desperate encounter.

But Mr. Barnwell is mistaken in some of his statements about Malvern Hill. I was there, and I have recollections of scenes and incidents that took place at Malvern Hill that no official statement can disturb. Magruder's Division fought

the battle of Savage Station and drove the enemy so desperately that Stonewall Jackson failed to reach the flank of the enemy, as General Lee had ordered him to do—that is, Magruder forced the enemy beyond the peach orchard, the point at which General Jackson had expected to come in contact with him. When Jackson reached that point, the enemy had fled in rapid retreat, and, night coming on, he was unable to pursue. General Griffith was wounded by the fragment of a shell while he sat on his horse in what was known as Wild Cat Bottom, in front of the railroad section house. He died that night, June 30, 1862, and William Barksdale, colonel of the 13th Mississippi Regiment, assumed command of the brigade. The following morning we remained about the battle field. No one seemed to know what had become of the enemy. About twelve o'clock, however, we marched rapidly in the direction of White Oak Swamp, where the battle was fought. That battle is known as Frazier's Farm. Barksdale's Brigade reached the field after dark and stood picket. We could hear the enemy talking and could hear the moving of wagons and artillery as they passed on toward Malvern Hill.

The following day, Tuesday, July 2, Barksdale's Brigade moved slowly toward the river, and about two o'clock, I think, it may have been later, we halted at the intersection of three roads. There was a large red oak tree at the fork of the roads, with two long signboards nailed to it. My company was halted and stood for some time near the oak tree. While waiting there, Mr. Davis and General Lee rode up and halted. There were several staff officers with them. In a moment, General Huger came from the opposite direction. General Lee spoke to him and asked: "Do you occupy Malvern Hill?" "No," General Huger answered. "The enemy has blocked the road with fallen trees. I could not move my guns." General Lee said, "You should have occupied the Hill with your infantry," and they all rode away. I heard that conversation, and I am convinced that General Lee had ordered Huger to take possession of Malvern Hill. Barksdale's Brigade suffered great loss in the battle, and we held our position at the crown of the hill until it was very dark.

While we awaited orders, the firing having ceased, a New York regiment of infantry had formed on our right. It was so dark you could not recognize anyone. Our major, E. S. Henry, of the 18th Mississippi, was killed. The colonel and lieutenant colonel, Thomas W. Griffin and Henry Luce, were desperately wounded, and five captains of the regiment were killed.

We never came in contact with the command of General Holmes. I do not know what his service was, but I do know that Magruder's Division never failed during the seven days of battle. My memory is so clear on the events of that campaign that I can call the name of every captain of my regiment. I was seventeen years of age, and of the splendid men of Company C, there are only three of us left—R. A. Sneed, who commands the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.; W. L. McKee, of a Texas town, and myself.

THE SOUTH AND HER PROBLEMS.—In this republic of ours is lodged the hope of free government on earth. Here God has rested the ark of his covenant with the sons of men. Let us—once estranged and thereby closer bound—let us soar above all provincial pride and find our deeper inspirations in gathering the fullest sheaves into the harvest and standing the staunchest and most devoted of its sons as it lights the path and makes clear the way through which all the people of the earth shall come in God's appointed time.—*Henry W. Grady.*

HOW PRESIDENT DAVIS BECAME FREE.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

After General Lee's surrender, President Davis, with some of his cabinet, reached Greensboro, N. C., and there held a conference with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and General Beauregard, at which it was agreed that General Johnston should ask General Sherman for a suspension of hostilities. On the 18th of April, terms acceptable to General Johnston were agreed upon. They were that the Confederate army was to be disbanded and the Southern States should return to the Union and there should be general amnesty, this agreement to be subject to the approval of both governments.

In the meantime, on the night of April 14, President Lincoln had been assassinated, and Andrew Johnson became President, retaining Stanton as Secretary of War. Stanton bitterly opposed these terms, and they were rejected.

On the 26th of April, Sherman again demanded the surrender of Johnston's army, and Johnston complied. President Davis now left Charlotte, going to Washington, Ga.

The assassination of President Lincoln greatly excited and exasperated the people of the North, and witnesses came before Judge Advocate General Holt and made affidavits that they had been in the service of the Confederate States at Richmond and were present at an interview between Surratt, President Davis, and Judah P. Benjamin, and their affidavits implicated President Davis and Mr. Benjamin in the assassination of President Lincoln. This was accepted as true by the authorities. Thereupon, on May 1, President Johnson, after consultation and advisement, ordered that nine officers should be appointed and detailed as members of a court-martial to try those who were implicated in the murder of the President; and on the next day he issued a proclamation offering \$100,000, reward for the arrest of Jefferson Davis, charged with inciting and procuring that assassination. On May 10, President Davis and his party of friends were captured at Irwinsville, Wilkinson County, Ga. He was taken to Fortress Monroe, where he was confined in one of the casemates. However, it was thought best to try him for treason, as a rebel.

Already there had been a United States District Judge appointed for the District of Virginia, Judge John C. Underwood, and a form of court was to be held, and a grand jury had been summoned. Judge Underwood was asked to come to Washington and arrange for the prompt institution of legal proceedings against the leaders of the "rebellion."

It happened that Judge Underwood had no such intention. He had thought that the rebellion had grown into a civil war and that the technical treason at its beginning should be ignored. However, he was led to charge the grand jury as desired, and the grand jury found a true bill for treason against Jefferson Davis, Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, and other influential and prominent persons. Then the prosecuting attorney asked the court for a bench warrant to arrest those indicted, Jefferson Davis being already in custody. But Judge Underwood refused, saying that they could not be arrested, as they were under parole and as long as they observed their paroles they could not be arrested. That was a stumblingblock.

At Washington City it was considered that Jefferson Davis might be tried wherever his troops had been, and an indictment was found against him in the court in Washington City; but the law officers thought that he ought to be tried in Virginia. However, Judge Salmon P. Chase, the Chief Justice, who would preside in the circuit court in Virginia, declined to attend and hold court there as long as martial law existed in that State. That led to further delay.

In April, 1866, a year after Judge Holt had taken the affidavits of witnesses implicating Jefferson Davis in the murder of President Lincoln, Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, had a resolution passed by the House of Representatives requiring the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the criminality of those charged with that murder. That committee caused the men who had made those affidavits to be brought before them, when they each retracted the statements that they had sworn to and declared that those statements were false in every particular.

So that charge against Jefferson Davis was "crushed out under the common and general belief in its utter falsity and absurdity." Then, coöperating with Hon. Charles O'Connor, of New York, many prominent men of the North presented the view that there had been a Civil War, that the North had waged a war against the South, that the Southern people were "enemies," that Jefferson Davis was "an enemy," that he was not in the category of a "citizen adhering to the enemy," but was himself an "enemy," and therefore was not "a traitor" under the terms of the Constitution; they said that the victor in war could inflict any punishment deemed proper on the vanquished, being restrained only "as a responsible member of a civilized society." President Davis could be punished by the victors as an enemy, but not otherwise. Notwithstanding these views, President Johnson desired that Jefferson Davis should be tried. But there were obstacles; and the case was continued in the court.

At length, at the May term, 1867, of the court held at Richmond, Mr. George Shea, as attorney in fact of Jefferson Davis, offered a petition signed by Jefferson Davis praying for a writ of habeas corpus to have him brought before the court to inquire into the cause of his commitment and detention. This proceeding awoke intense interest throughout the South. For two years Mr. Davis had been held as a military prisoner, and as he had been the President of the Confederacy in its struggle for independence, all of the Confederate soldiers felt a deep and personal interest in what should befall him.

The writ of habeas corpus was issued on May 1, 1867, and on May 8, President Johnson directed that Jefferson Davis should be surrendered to the United States marshal. Therefore, on the 10th of May, the writ was served on Gen. H. S. Burton, in command at Fortress Monroe, who, on the 13th, produced the body of Jefferson Davis in the court at Richmond, as he had been commanded to do by President Johnson, and Jefferson Davis passed from his military prison into the custody of the court. The judge ordered that the marshal serve the indictment on the prisoner, and the marshal handed the paper to Jefferson Davis. Charles O'Connor now addressed the court, detailing what had theretofore occurred, and asked for the bail of the prisoner. The bail was fixed at \$100,000, the bondsmen being Horace Greeley, Gerrit Smith, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and seven other gentlemen. The bond being given, Judge Underwood directed the marshal to discharge the prisoner. "The marshal did so, when deafening applause followed." This was May 13, 1867. As Mr. George Davis has written: "The wife of President Davis and many anxious friends attended, awaiting the decision of the court." Among them was George Davis, who had sought his friend for consultation, for support, and to cheer him in this momentous ordeal. Referring to that occasion, he said:

"I promised Mrs. Davis, as soon as I had any intimation of what the court was going to do, to come and report. I never knew how I got out of that courthouse, or through the crowd that lined the streets, but I found myself in Mrs. Davis's

room, and reported. In a little while I looked out of the window and saw that the streets were lined with thousands and thousands of the people of Richmond, and scarcely passage was there for the carriage in which Mr. Davis rode at a funeral gait. And as he rode every head was bared, not a sound was heard, except now and then a long sigh. And so he ascended to his wife's chamber. That room was crowded with friends, male and female. As Mr. Davis entered, they rushed to him and threw their arms around him. They embraced each other; old soldiers, men of tried daring, cried like infants. Dear old Dr. Minnegerode lifted up his hands, with big tears rolling down his cheeks, and the assembled company knelt down while he offered up thanksgiving to God for having restored to us our beloved chieftain."

Returning now to the courtroom there was a suggestion that the trial should be postponed, and O'Connor assented to the postponement to the fourth Wednesday in March following. Mr. Davis, being free under bond, was now with his family at home. The case was to come up at the March term, 1868.

At that term the grand jury brought in a new indictment, reciting in it all previous occurrences, including the several indictments, and charging that Jefferson Davis did conspire with Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, naming many, and a hundred thousand others, names unknown, and did make war on the United States, and did organize an army "fighting, killing, wounding, and capturing officers and soldiers of the United States," and specifying some occasion in every year of the war. The indictment covered twenty-two printed pages. Then Mr. Davis was recognized to appear in court on the 2nd day of May and stand his trial. But by agreement of counsel, the case was postponed from time to time, until November, 1868, all this time he being out on bond.

Now it happened that on July 28, 1868, an amendment of the Constitution had been adopted, imposing a penalty on executive, legislative, and judicial officers who, having taken an oath to support the Constitution, had engaged in rebellion, and prohibiting them from holding office. When the court convened in November, 1868, Chief Justice Chase, attended, sitting with Judge Underwood. On the 30th of November, Robert Ould, of counsel for Jefferson Davis, filed an affidavit stating that Jefferson Davis had in 1845 taken that oath as a representative in Congress previous to the alleged commission of the offenses charged in the indictment. Mr. Davis's council, Charles O'Connor, William B. Reed, Robert Ould, and James Lyon, now moved to quash the indictment. There are forty pages of argument. After the argument, the Chief Justice announced that the court had failed to agree, the Chief Justice holding that the indictment should be quashed, Judge Underwood not agreeing. A certificate of disagreement was made for the Supreme Court of the United States to decide. That postponed the trial, and Jefferson Davis was recognized to attend the next term of court, and the certificate was sent to the Supreme Court.

Such was the situation when, on Christmas, 1868, President Johnson issued a proclamation declaring amnesty to all who had participated in the rebellion. That general amnesty ended all court proceedings. The circuit court dismissed the indictment against Jefferson Davis, and he was thus freed from all proceedings against him.

GEN. RICHARD TAYLOR, C. S. A.

[From "Reminiscences of the War" by Col. D. F. Boyd, published in the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.]

Dick Taylor was a fine writer as well as talker. His "Deconstruction and Reconstruction" is a classic. In it is the best description ever published of Stonewall Jackson and his Valley campaign. He gives, too, in his book an unique account of Ewell, who was nearly, or quite, as eccentric as Jackson. Ewell dreaded responsibility; Jackson craved it. Ewell was of little force alone, or not under the command of another; Jackson was never at his best except when alone. Subordination cramped Jackson's powers; Ewell was never efficient unless subordinate; and under the immediate eye of Jackson none could strike a harder or more effective blow. He loved the excitement of battle, but not the responsibility of commanding; it seemed to paralyze him. This peculiarity of Ewell's, in the army, of never liking to be alone or in independent command, never to do anything by himself or of himself, appeared at West Point. He liked to depend in everything on some one else, and especially on some certain one, whom he respected and loved. Like the vine, he must have some one to cling to and entwine around. This trait made him the best and most loyal of subordinates. He was of Sherman's class at West Point and took a great fancy to him there, as he did to Dick Taylor afterwards in the Confederate army, and loved to be with him. Sherman was his chum. Ewell was fond of fishing while a cadet, but would never go unless his friend Sherman went along.

General Lee seems not to have understood Ewell's peculiarities; else, he would never have made him a lieutenant general and put him in Jackson's place after his death. It was Ewell's want of decision, and aversion to act on his own judgment and responsibility that lost the battle of Gettysburg the first evening. After driving the Federals like a flock of sheep through the town, he stood stock still in the streets, waiting for Lee to come up and tell him what *Early* and Harry Hays begged him to do, and what even the men in his ranks were clamoring to be allowed to do—to go forward and occupy Cemetery Heights!

But listen to Dicky Taylor's account of Ewell, and say if Jackson was the only "crazy" general in the Valley:

"Graduated from West Point in 1840, Ewell joined the Regiment of United States Dragoons, and, saving the Mexican War, in which he served with such distinction as a young cavalryman could gain, his whole military life had been passed on the plains, where, as he often asserted, he had learned all about commanding fifty United States Dragoons and forgotten everything else. In this he did himself injustice, as his career proves; but he was of singular modesty. Bright, prominent eyes, a bomb-shaped, bald head, and nose like that of Francis of Valois, gave him a striking resemblance to a woodcock; and this was increased by a birdlike habit of putting his head on one side to utter his quaint speeches. He fancied that he had some mysterious internal malady, and would eat nothing but frumenty, a preparation of wheat; and his plaintive way of talking of his disease, as if he were some one else, was droll in the extreme. His nervousness prevented him from taking regular sleep, and he passed nights curled around a camp stool, in positions to dislocate an ordinary person's joints and drive the 'caoutchouc man' to despair. On such occasions, after long silence, he would suddenly direct his eyes and nose to me with: 'General Taylor, what do you suppose President Davis made me a major general for?'—beginning with a sharp accent and ending with a gentle lisp. Superbly mounted, he was the boldest of horsemen,

invariably leaving the roads to take timber and water. No follower of 'Pythley' or 'Quorn' could have lived with him across country. With a fine tactical eye on the battle field, he was never content with his own plan until he had secured the approval of another's judgment, and chafed under the restraint of command, preferring to fight with the skirmish line. On two occasions in the Valley, during the temporary absence of Jackson from the front, Ewell summoned me to his side and immediately rushed forward among the skirmishers, where some sharp work was going on. Having refreshed himself, he returned with the hope that 'old Jackson would not catch him at it.' He always spoke of Jackson, several years his junior, as 'old,' and told me in confidence that he admired his genius, but was certain of his lunacy, and that he never saw one of Jackson's couriers approach without expecting an order to assault the North Pole. Later, after he heard Jackson seriously declare that he never ate pepper because it produced a weakness in his left leg, he was confirmed in his opinion. With all of his oddities, perhaps in some measure because of them, Ewell was adored by officers and men."

Taylor tells also of Ewell's marriage during the war to the accomplished Widow Brown, of Tennessee, whom he would invariably introduce and speak of to his friends as "my wife, Mrs. Brown."

The following quotation from General Taylor gives a side light upon his social tastes and upon old Virginia domestic life.

"That night (June 20), on Jackson's march from the Valley to the Chickahominy, we camped between Charlottesville and Gordonsville, in Orange County, the birthplace of my father, Gen. Zachary Taylor. A distant kinsman, whom I had never met, came to invite me to his house in the neighborhood. Learning that I always slept in camp, he seemed so much distressed as to get my consent to breakfast at the barbarous hour of sunrise. His home was a little distant from the road; so, the following morning, he sent a mounted groom to show the way. My aide, young Hamilton, grandson of ex-Governor Hamilton, of South Carolina, accompanied me, and Tom, the devoted family servant, now attending the son as he had, the father in Mexico, of course, followed. It was a fine old mansion, surrounded by well-kept grounds. This immediate neighborhood had not been touched by the war. Flowering plants and rose trees, in full bloom, attested the glorious wealth of June. On the broad portico, to welcome us, stood the host, with the fresh, charming wife, and, a little retired, a white-haired butler. Greetings over with, host and lady, this delightful creature, with ebon face beaming hospitality, advanced holding a salver, on which rested a huge goblet filled with Virginia's nectar, mint julep. Quantities of cracked ice rattled refreshingly in the goblet; sprigs of fragrant mint peered above its broad rim; a mass of white sugar, too sweetly indolent to melt, rested on the mint; and, like rosebuds on a snow bank, luscious strawberries crowned with sugar. Ah! that julep! Mars ne'er received such a tippie from the hands of Ganymede. Breakfast was announced—and what a breakfast! A beautiful service, snowy table cloth, damask napkins, long unknown; above all, a lovely woman in crisp gown, with more and handsomer roses on her cheek than in her garden. 'Twas an idyl in the midst of the stern realities of war! The table groaned beneath its viands. Sable servants brought in, fresh and hot from the kitchen, cakes of wondrous forms, inventions of the tropical imagination of Africa, inflamed by Virginian hospitality. I was rather a moderate trencherman, but the performance of Hamilton was gargantuan, alarming. Duty dragged us from this Eden; yet in hurrying adieu I did

not forget to claim of the fair hostess the privilege of a cousin. I watched Hamilton narrowly for a time. He wore a sodden, apoplectic look, quite out of his usual brisk form. A gallop of some miles put him right, but for many days he dilated on the breakfast with the gusto of one of Hannibal's veterans on the delights of Capua."

Rarely can a soldier write as could Dick Taylor, and none could talk more charmingly. In his veins trickled the culture of generations—ay, of centuries. No wonder he captivated the Prince of Wales, and the Prince honored him with his intimacy. And when Taylor and Sherman met—intimate friends they were, before the war and after—what an intellectual feast and social treat for themselves and the lucky few a-listening! Two brighter men and better talkers were hardly in our country, or in any country.

OLD BETHEL CHAPEL.

Nestled deep in the heart of the hills of Sumter County, Ala., is Bethel Chapel, surrounded by the oaks of centuries. This is a shrine where the families of five generations gather for a summer's day to renew memories and to cement the ties of friendship. Relatives come from as far north as Birmingham and as far South as Meridian. On June 26, the near-by relatives had made the Chapel very attractive and the graveyard neat and clean. Within the iron-inclosed fence lay the forefathers who had fought in the War of the Revolution, others in the Indian Wars, the War of 1812, the boys of the War between the States and some of the World War heroes.

The orator of the day was the Rev. Robert Fulton, D. D., of Eutaw, Ala., within the sound of whose voice lay, wrapped in eternal silence, his ancestors and kindred. There was music and song, led by the Chapel organist, Mrs. Milton Fulton.

A bountiful table was spread under the shade of the trees where gathered guests and hosts. Reminiscences sad and tender there were, and the promise to meet again (d. v.) on the coming of next June.

On this occasion a mural tablet was unveiled in lasting memory of Capt. Carl McMahon, 123rd Infantry, Dixie Division, World War, grandson of Capt. James M. Winston, of the 16th Alabama Cavalry, War between the States, and his wife, Rebecca Broadnax, daughter of Col. Robert Broadnax, of the War of 1812 and of 1846.

This young officer survived the World War but a short while, dying from disease contracted in France. He met his death bravely. In disposing of his worldly goods, he gave generously to the Orphans' Home in Mobile, Ala. He sleeps in the military cemetery in Mobile, not far from his grandfather's comrades—Semmes, Bragg, Father Ryan, and others.

The mother of Carl McMahon passed the sunny days of her childhood and young girlhood in the neighborhood of Bethel, and at its altar pledged her faith. It is fitting that her son's name be placed on the walls of Bethel Chapel. The inscription on the tablet is as follows:

"Carl McMahon, son of Carl and Annie Gage Winston McMahon, born in Gainesville, Ala., 1886; died in Mobile, 1926. Captain 123rd Infantry, Dixie Division. He gave his life for his country."

[This tribute is offered and affectionately inscribed by Mrs. Kate McD. Brownson, Victoria, Tex., and the chapel is one erected by her to the memory of her father, mother, and husband when Old Bethel Church was moved to a near-by town.]

A SOUTHERN ROMANCE.

BY ELIZABETH LUCAS KENT.

[This story, in diary form, was printed in the magazine issued by the students of Virginia College. It is the story of Julia Gertrude Gardner, of Richmond (who figures here as Rosemary Bromley), and Francis Dunbar Ruggles, of Boston (called Thomas Dunbar), who was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg, serving with the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, C. S. A. The final entry in the diary bears date of the year 1917 (permitted by author's license), though Miss Gardner died in 1905.]

October 3, 1860.

Dear Diary: This has been a most eventful day for me. Early this afternoon the Aids came to finish the work on the afghan which they started some time ago. Sarah Ann came over, and we helped by serving tea and pulling bastings. The ladies kept up a steady stream of chatter, plying their tongues and needles equally fast and prolifically. At first the talk was all about Lincoln and the condition in which our country now is, each one giving her views. Then the talk shifted to other subjects, one of them being about a guest the Dunbars expect soon. Mr. Dunbar's brother lives in Boston, and he is sending his son to visit his aunt and uncle. They are all praising him to the skies; why, Sarah Ann and I do not know. A Northerner, at that, but then, he is some one "new," and the ladies need some one about whom to gossip. At any rate, Sarah Ann and I are sure we shall not pay any attention whatever to him. Sarah Ann is very determined at times. She is beside me now, as she is staying the night with me. We shall certainly have a great deal to say when we get into bed, for it has been two weeks since we have been together.

Mammy is coming to blow out our candles, so good night, dear Diary.

* * *

October 7, 1860.

Dear Diary: I am very thrilled to-night! I have a most exciting tale to tell you, if I can calm down enough. It is all secret, too, not even Sarah Ann knows about it. This afternoon I started for a short walk, but before I knew it, I was near Kingsbury woods and without Black Bimbo, too! I was a little bit frightened, between you and me, Diary, but no one else will know it. I started back immediately, but had not gone far when I heard a horse coming behind me. Of course I was more frightened than ever, but I hurried on—and mind you, each minute it seemed to get darker! Well, the horse came nearer, and to my horror a man was on it! I had never before seen him, either, and my knees knocked each other. Each minute he came closer, and when he drew up beside me I was almost running. He must have guessed my terror, for he drew rein and dismounted, coming to my side.

O, Diary, he was the dearest man I ever saw! I do not know what I shall do if he has ridden out of my life as quickly as he rode in. He probably has gone forever! Am I very unladylike? But if you could see him—! Diary, he was tall and fair, and had dark, dark eyes, fathoms deep. And he had a dimple in his chin and his eyes wrinkled up when he smiled. He was manly, too! O Diary, I never saw so nice a boy.

To go on, however, he asked me if I had been frightened and if I were far from home, or if he could help me. I do not know what I said, but he walked with me almost to our gate. We talked, too, about the weather, and the condition of the country and trivial things, like whether we liked roses or lilies best. If my mother knew, what would she say? But more shame to me that I would not let him go to my gate!

I did not even ask his name, and would not tell him mine! Oh, woe is me!

Mammy is coming and I must put this under my mattress quickly!

* * *

October 9, 1860.

Dearest Diary: I saw him to-day! I was marketing with mother when he rode by. My heart beat like a trip hammer and all the blood rushed to my face. That I should blush like a common girl! Mother thought that I was tired, but fortunately asked no questions. My one consolation is that he is in town, somewhere. But where? And shall I see him again?

* * *

October 10, 1860.

Dear Diary: I have not seen the "stranger" to-day, and I feel rather unhappy. Will it ever be thus? We received a card to-day, asking our pleasure at a reception for the Dunbar guest, day after to-morrow. I suppose I shall have to attend with my family, but I do hate meeting a crude Northerner. Good night, dear Diary.

* * *

October 12, 1860.

Dear Diary: The biggest disappointment of my life came to-day when I went to the reception at the Dunbars'. My "stranger knight on horseback" was the Dunbar relative. His name is Thomas Dunbar. Yes, he is still nice looking and has the same courteous way, but he is still a Northerner! Perhaps, O perhaps after all, he has Southern blood enough to overcome his crude ways. I pray so.

He talked very nicely with mother and me for almost ten minutes. I am glad I wore my pink dress, for it is more becoming than any other. My waist is smaller than Sarah Ann's, too, even if my nose is rather retrousse, as papa says. He looked at me, but of course, I pretended not to see him. But I did! I think he really liked my pink dress, for it is pretty.

This has been a lovely day, Diary, and I hope I have more like it. Who would have thought I should like that Dunbar boy! Sarah Ann scoffs at me, and says I am like all women and fall for a handsome face. I do not care. She does not know that I met him long before, however. I always did pray for something exciting to happen to me, and it has, along with romance. I really believe I am falling in love—O Diary!

* * *

October 21, 1860.

Dear Diary: Mother has told me that for my sixteenth birthday she will entertain some of the young people for me. I am so happy! My birthday is the 6th of November, and besides the party I am to have a new frock. My heart seems about to burst with happiness.

Mr. Thomas Dunbar called on us yesterday and remained for a half hour. Mother allowed me to serve the tea over our great grandmother's silver tea service. Of course, I did not let either know how excited I was. But in the midst of it all I spilled some tea on his fingers while I was giving him his cup. He said no matter, and went on talking but—well, Diary, how could I have been so awkward? I am afraid he will think me stupid. I don't care. If he doesn't want to come to my party, he need not—but I hope he does!

Sarah Ann says that I am not paying much attention to my "bosom friend" lately, but I cannot confide her this. It is just our secret, Diary, for I am—yes, I own up—I do love him.

Dearest Diary: I have so much to tell you! Last night, after the party, I was too tired to write, and also, Sarah Ann was here and I will not let her read you, as I used to do. I know I have neglected you, but in preparing for my party and making my new frock, I could not spare a moment. Forgive me, but now I am making up for it all.

Mr. Dunbar called a number of times before my party and of course after that, he came to the affair. He danced with me first, too. I wore my new dress of ivory-white satin and lace, and mother did up my hair for me. I felt really my age, sixteen. The party progressed very nicely, but I saw very little of the last part because—now I shall tell you.

Mr. Dunbar and I walked into the conservatory to sit out a dance, but we argued on the merits of roses and lilies again. Now I know why he likes roses best. He says that my cheeks remind him of the petals of roses and my hair reminds him of the heart of the very prettiest rose in bloom. I know I blushed, but no one was in sight. Then after a while, he said he was going to ask permission of father to woo me, if he had any encouragement from me! I blush to think of it, but I am afraid that I did look into his eyes—did I encourage too much? He did kiss me, though, and I do not ever expect a happier moment. He is a Southern gentleman at heart, and my true knight. I love him!

* * *

December 28, 1860.

Dear Diary: Much has happened since I wrote last, and I have grown older in that time. Sarah Ann is still my dearest friend, but trivial things have been cast away by us. I am now betrothed to Mr. Dunbar, and very happy. We are going to be married in early May. Also, some of our States are seceding and war is imminent. It is a sorry day in our history, and we are all praying for the best.

"Tommy" (I may call him that to you, Diary) is a staunch believer in our cause, and talks with father every day. I fear that he wishes too much to go to war. My heart pains me when I think of his going off to fight. O, may we never see that day!

* * *

August 10, 1861.

Dear Diary: Many months have passed, and full ones, too. My father and betrothed have both gone to the war, leaving my mother and me desolate. We are trying to bury our grief in work. Much is needed to be done for our men. Every woman of us is working night and day, making comforts for those fighting for us.

Tommy and I were not married as we had planned, for we decided that it had best remain as it was. When he comes home again we shall be married. Surely the war can last but a short time.

* * *

November 6, 1861.

Dear Diary: A long, long year ago, on my birthday I was having a party, and was made love to by my Tommy. Now, on that anniversary, mother and I are home, while father and Tommy are fighting. In a few days my brother is leaving for the battle line. What shall we do then? Why do we have to fight? War is so cruel and inhuman, tearing our families apart, and devastating our beautiful country. Never did I dream, on that happy night a year ago, that at this time I should be grieving my heart out, praying for my loved ones. O, why must it all be!

* * *

December 12, 1861.

Dear Diary: My dear father is back with us again. But, O, how different he is from my jolly papa of a year ago. He has

lost a leg and can fight no more. He grieves to think he cannot fight longer, yet his spirit is the same, doing what work he can around our home and helping us in our relief work. My blessed father!

I have only fragmentary news from Tommy. He is in the thick of it now and has been doing splendidly. He is rapidly rising in rank by reason of his bravery and undaunted courage. I pray for his safe keeping that he may come home to me again.

* * *

December 16, 1861.

Dear Diary: There is nothing more to tell you, other than what I have been writing. Father is mending in health rapidly and is quite strong, getting about on his crutches splendidly. It eats my mother's heart out to see her strong, tall husband now bent and thin, hobbling on crutches.

Tommy is doing well, and is very faithful to me. His letters are my deepest joy.

Our servants are most faithful to us, remaining with us, and going on much as before. They are too fond of my parents to leave. I hope the war will end soon, for we are all rather desperate.

* * *

December 21, 1861.

Dearest Diary: My Tommy was here to-day! I saw him for less than an hour, but that was the sweetest time of my life! He still wears the pink rose which I gave him from my hair when he left for the army. It is sadly faded and worn, but he says the "warmth of true love remains." I gave him another, the last in our conservatory, which he placed along with the other, next his heart.

He is thin and tired looking, but his love is the same. He is on the way to another station, carrying an important message. I pray with all my soul that God keeps him safely. God-speed to him!

* * *

December 20, 1862.

Dear Diary: My Tommy is gone! Thank God for those few moments together which we had in last December. He has given his life for the cause. During the awful battle at Fredericksburg, while bending over a wounded comrade, a sharpshooter caught him. The message said that "he died without flinching, thinking ever of his cause and his comrades." They also returned to me the packet of letters, containing the faded rose which he wore on his breast. This rose is my last living memory of him.

I shall try to bear my sorrow bravely, but how can I? All over our beloved South are other women bereaved, why should I mourn? I should be proud that my lover was a brave and true man.

* * *

August 20, 1917.

Dear Diary: I have found you again after many years, and your pages are now yellow and old. I, too, am now an old woman, about to go on my last long journey. Before I go I want to write once more in my girlhood book that those who read it some day may know the end of the story which it tells.

At the close of the war many bad days went by. My father and mother were old from anxiety and heartaches. My brother was wounded and lay nigh unto death for many weeks. Most happily he was spared us, however. My father died not long after the war's end, my mother following him a few weeks later.

Many months were taken trying to retrieve what we had lost. Our home was but a skeleton of what it had been, as were a great many in our town. Then my brother married, bringing his wife to live in our old homestead. The dear lady was ever a friend to me, and she had none other better than I. We loved as sisters and at her death, some fifteen years later, I mourned her loss as deeply as my brother. She left a very sweet child whom I love as my own.

My love for my betrothed has never grown cold, and I now feel that I am going to be with him soon. I have remained faithful to his memory, never marrying. When he gave his life for me, how could I forget so supreme a sacrifice?

We are now engaged in another war, which makes me unhappy. I have gone through too much sorrow, not to understand and realize what it means. My one happy consolation is that my countrymen are fighting all together, side by side, not as foes. May the war quickly end and men realize that brotherly love is the greatest of the commandments.

ROSEMARY BROMLEY.

NOTE.—Francis D. Ruggles had no Southern blood; he was a thoroughbred Yankee. All his ancestors were of New England. In his father's line he was in the ninth generation from Thomas Ruggles, the first, of Roxbury; and in that of his mother, ninth from Robert Dunbar, of Hingham. All four of his great grandfathers were New England soldiers of the Revolution.

The history of the Washington Artillery, "In Camp and Battle" (Ticknor & Co., Boston, 1885), written by its colonel, relates his acts of signal bravery. The news of his death was communicated by Confederate pickets to those of a Massachusetts regiment, and a Lieutenant Gibson of the latter, invalided home, took the sad intelligence to the family in Boston. Gibson had been his classmate in the Boston English High School. His funeral, with full military honors, took place in Richmond, January 4, 1863, detachments from every military organization in, or stationed near, the city, being in line. The religious services were in the historic Monumental Church (Episcopal), and Governor Letcher, of Virginia, made an address. He was buried in General Terry's family lot in Hollywood Cemetery. Lyon G. Tyler, son of the tenth President of the United States, once said of him: "Although George Ruggles was among the founders of Virginia, none of his race ever came to Virginia until his descendant, Francis Dunbar Ruggles, marched to her defense in arms and shed his blood upon her soil." (William and Mary College *Historical Magazine*.) The allusion is to George Ruggles (1575-1622), Fellow of Clare College, University of Cambridge, and a Brother of the London Virginia Company, which company was this year commemorated in England. A painting of his coat of arms hangs upon the wall of the Virginia Historical Society of Richmond.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE WITH THE ENEMY.

BY THOMAS W. S. LAKE, COMPANY A, FORTY-THIRD BATTALION, VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

On July 21, 1864, we had succeeded, after an encircling route, in gaining the rear of Sigel's Corps, Schurz's Division, at Mount Gilliad, and there captured three sutler wagons and one of General Schurz's headquarter wagons, also forty-seven prisoners. Though completely surrounded by the enemy, we succeeded in getting our prisoners to the Bull Run Mountains that night. We had to burn the wagons, but we got some provisions from them. At Mrs. Bell's, on the mountain, we

stopped to cook some corn bread and warm the turkey which I invited Colonel Mosby and others to share with me. While we were eating, the Colonel said: "Tom, I want you to take these prisoners; you know the country from here to Culpeper." I entered a protest, but he said I must go, and he would give me a good guard; so on the morning of the 22nd of July, I started with the forty-seven prisoners, including one major, one captain, and two lieutenants. By keeping to private roads and mountainsides, I succeeded in reaching the road leading from Salem, Va. (now Marshall), to Warrenton, about one mile above Bethel, late in the afternoon of that day, without much hindrance.

At this point I met the advance guard of Hancock's Corps. I held the prisoners in a woods close by while Charlie Hall and I reconnoitered, finding the road full of Yankees. Hall, in his usual tone, looked at me and said: "Now what in the devil are you going to do?" I said we would wait until night and march the prisoners right through them, that the "Colonel" took three prisoners through a regiment of infantry once in the daytime. Of course, I was only joking with him. We waited a while and the rear of the brigade came up, so I told him I would ride up the road and see if any more were coming, and when I waved my hand he was to move the prisoners on quickly. I rode on to a point where I could see the road for a mile or more, and there I saw the advance guard of another division, so I waved my hat and we soon had them on the go, and succeeded in occupying the road, only to pick up a few more stragglers to increase our number. Then it was getting dark, so we went about a mile to Mr. Joe Blackwell's and there camped for the night, and we could distinctly hear the rumbling of wagon trains; but we were tired and hungry, having had to subsist on blackberries only, which were plentiful.

By light the next morning we were on the march, and the Yankee cavalry dashed in only to find us gone. I crossed the Rappahannock River at a place called Hart's Ford about sun-up, and got to Culpeper Courthouse after a risky march, turned the prisoners over to General Longstreet there, and got a receipt for them. I left some of my men there and told them I would meet them the next morning on their way back. I then rode back to Rixeyville to Mr. Timberlake's, the Colonel had told me I could stay a while on our time and go to Richmond, Va., before I returned, and I thought of leaving my horse at Mr. Timberlake's and going the next day. At supper that night Dick Lewis and Channey Smith, two of General Lee's scouts, rode up and took tea with us. I knew them both well, and they asked me what I was doing there. When I told them my plans, they said that would never do, as our army was falling back and the Yankees would soon hold the country; that they were going back to Fauquier and Loudoun that night, and I had better go along with them; so I concluded that it would be best for me to do it. After supper we three started and crossed the Rappahannock River at Fox's Mill, about three miles below the Springs. After crossing we could see and hear of Yankees everywhere, but we darted in and around them till we reached Mr. Lewis Shoemate's, where we had some fun. It was about eleven o'clock at night when we got there. There had been a wedding that afternoon, his son John having married a Miss Weaver. A crowd had gathered for the wedding supper, when the Yankee cavalry dashed in and drove off the groom and his associates. The young ladies were about ready when we rode up, the house was all lighted up, and when they found out who we were, they were almost frantic with fear that the Yankees would get us all. We told them we would take the risk, as we had been among them all day and we weren't much afraid. So after a while some of the ladies came down and we had some of the wedding

supper, and the girls gave Channey Smith some wedding cake to dream on that night. After staying a while with these charming ladies, we rode off toward Warrenton on the southern road. Near Mr. Childs' farm, we encountered more Yankees, but we got through them without an incident; we rode off toward White's Mill and down in a bottom, or a little meadow below the mill, where we slipped the bits out of the horses' mouths and turned them out to graze, while we lay down beside the fence to sleep; about one o'clock, we could hear distinctly the tread of the army marching, and we could see camp fires all around us, and O how sleepy we were, having been up nearly all night for four nights before.

As I lay down that night and looked up at the starry canopy, I thought of the rhyme of the ancient mariner:

"O Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole;
To Mary Queen the praise be given,
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That laid in to my soul."

I was soon lost to all that was natural, but we awoke early and were soon in the saddle again. A little way on we rode into a brigade of Yankee cavalry, but we wheeled and soon got out of sight. A lot of stragglers passed now and then until we struck the road leading from The Plains to New Baltimore.

Near Springfield was the home of Mrs. Lewis, mother of Richard Lewis, one of our number. Just about dark we got in sight of this road and there was the head of General Schurz's Division, Sigel's Corps, just coming up. The road was full of wagons, and in the field alongside marched the division. I think those two fellows thought they had me then, as Lewis said to Smith: "What do you say about riding through them?" Smith said all right, then they looked at me and said: "Tom, what do you say?" I said: "You can't down a Mosby man. Certainly, let's go." But I own that I felt a little shaky to see all those Yankees. Our men had on the regular Confederate uniform, a dark gray jacket and dark blue pants which very much resembled the Yankee suits, while I had on light English riding pants and a light gray jacket and could be easily detected; besides, our two men, being General Lee's scouts, had often been in such places, while I had once been with Colonel Mosby in a similar situation. But off we rode, and when we struck them we got just behind what I supposed was General Schurz's staff, about twenty paces in front of the head of the column. We rode for about half a mile before we could see a gap in the fence that led into a road. Then we turned into the road as though to cross over, but the wagon train was so close up that we could not get through; besides, the Yankee cavalry was riding in single file along the wagons. I thought to myself they were determined Mosby should not get this train.

Going in an opposite direction and passing these cavalrymen, we sometimes got very close to them. We were in single file also, and I was behind, and I felt a little devilish, like tapping one on the head with my pistol. Then I thought I would try to drag one off his horse, so I rode up close to one, put my knee out and caught him on the knee and nearly dragged him off. I thought he was asleep. I got him out of his saddle, and he looked at me as if to say: "What did you do that for?" But I passed on, and, after riding a mile in this direction, we came to the bottom of a hill where one wagon had stalled and made a gap that we went through to the other side of the road. When through this we rode down to a farm house close to the road belonging to young Lewis. The yard and house were full of Yankees, and when we rode up some officers ap-

proached, to whom we gave a salute. We thought this was Sigel's Corps, so we said to them: "This is General Sigel's Corps isn't it? And we want to know where General Hancock's Corps is, as we have gotten lost and want to find it." They said yes, it was Sigel's Corps and General Schurz's Division just passing. They thought General Hancock was on the road west of them, or in the center of Meade's advance. Then we asked for something to eat and for the man of the house, who was Mr. Lewis's tenant. When he came out, Dick Lewis got close and whispered to him to come to a back field, he wanted to see him; so we rode off and soon this man came out, and we lay there and talked for some time. Springfield, the Lewis home, was just a short way off, and the house was all right, and we learned that General Dilger had his headquarters there. I said: "Channey Smith, let's go down and get him to-night." Channey said: "All right; I am in for it." Then Dick Lewis put in a protest; said no, they would burn his mother's house. I said: "Let's go back to your home and get some of those fine horses hitched to your fence." But he said no again; they would burn the house. At Springfield, Mrs. Lewis had a boarding school of girls, among whom was Dick's youngest sister (half), Louise Cullid Luter. She was a beautiful girl, with long, curly hair and black eyes, and you know how the story goes:

"I've a longing in my heart for you, Louise,
And that dear old sunny Southern home."

I learned afterwards that it was Captain Dilger of the artillery, who was later on made colonel of artillery, but never got to be general, although his is called "General" now. He was attached to Sigel's Corps at that time, but at this time to Hooker's Division at Chancellorsville and Howard's Corps, and probably did more by the magnificent manner in which he handled his guns to save General Hooker's army than any other man. I learned from one of the young ladies that he was a German and had come over, so he told her, to fight for honor; he had promised Hannah. She said: "Why do you not fight for the South? We have plenty of Hannahs in the South." He said he was sorry he had not done so. He was a polished, educated gentleman, high toned and chivalrous. One of the schoolgirls who had been studying a little French said to him as she passed, in a very airy mood, "Nolena tugsésa," which meant "Don't touch me." Dilger, in a very commanding way, said: "Pardon me, Miss, but I think you seem to be a little rusty in your French; 'No-le-ra tan-gu-ree' if you please."

O, how I did wish for Colonel Mosby that night! We would have had Dilger sure. You may think it a very difficult matter to ride with the enemy, but it was about the easiest thing I ever did. We went about a mile west of them, put our horses in the stable and slept in a good bed the rest of the night; got up early the next morning and watched the Yankee army pass: and along in the late afternoon rode in between to New Baltimore. There three Yankee cavalrymen rode up to us, and we took them prisoners, paroled them, and brought out their horses.

So ends the story of my midnight ride among the Yankees.

[From a talk by Thomas W. Lake before a large audience of the Army and Navy Union, U. S. A., composed of veterans of the Union Army and of veterans of the Spanish War, and of Indian War veterans, in Washington, D. C., November, 1905. He was sergeant of Company A, 43rd Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, under John S. Mosby. At his death in 1914 he still carried a bullet in his right leg *loaned* him by a Yankee in the fight at Mt. Zion Church, Loudon County, Va.]

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

Though many instances have been recorded of the faithful attachment of slaves to their master's family, the following story from the *News*, Southside, Va., of June 21, tells of a rare devotion indeed, and the VETERAN is glad to give it a place in its columns that it may be preserved for future generations. Such devotion is proof that good came to the negro race through the institution of slavery which they would not otherwise have experienced. This is the story

"UNCLE TOM" SIMPSON
BORN 1810
DIED JUNE 18, 1928
"ALWAYS FAITHFUL"

Tom Simpson, "Uncle Tom," was laid to rest in the little Cemetery of the Liberty Baptist Church at Waverly (Va.) to-day.

One hundred and eighteen years old he was when death came to him. That has been established by authentic records in the possession of Mrs. Stanley V. Ellis, of Waverly, great granddaughter of Edwin Burt, on whose plantation, "Burtland," Tom was born.

He was born a slave, his mother and father being one of the twenty-five families of slaves on Mr. Burt's one thousand four hundred acre estate. That was in 1810, and Tom, who was alert and active until 1927, "saw" thirty Presidents come and go, and thirty-one States added to the Union. Through eleven decades (nearly twelve) he was attached to one family, serving five generations of Burts, and by his unfailing fidelity, even through the War between the States, won their respect and affection.

Everybody in Sussex County knew "Uncle Tom," as did many who live elsewhere in Southside, Va. Children of several generations in the vicinity of Waverly have heard his stories of thrilling or amusing experiences in slave days, and of those tragic days and anxious nights during the war—of hiding the women and children in Wild Cat Swamp, on a remote part of the great plantation, for fear that the Yankees would come, as they did, raiding the place four times. They heard, too, countless stories of negro superstitions—of haunts, death signs, mysterious cures, and such; and smiled at Uncle Tom's persistent and seemingly continuous habit of carrying a silver quarter under his tongue "to keep de debil away."

But to the members of the Burt and Ellis families the recollection is of stories handed down through succeeding generations of Tom's great efficiency and faithful service; of his devotion, in all his boyhood days, to Miss Sarah Burt, daughter of Edwin Burt, to whom he was given a few days after she was born, in 1815; and of all he did for his owners, when he was a slave, and for his employers after he was freed against his will.

Tom was five years old when he was given to Miss Sarah Burt, following a custom of that period. Next he passed into the possession of Nicholas Burt, Miss Sarah's brother. Years later he passed into the possession of George E. Burt, son of Nicholas. Then, following the war, he lived on the same plantation, employed by Nick Burt, George Burt's son. When Nick Burt died, about 1921, Tom left "Burtland," where he had lived for one hundred and eleven years and went with Mrs. S. V. Ellis, who was Miss Jennie, daughter of Nick Burt.

"Burtland" is a mile south of Waverly; the Ellis farm is a mile north of the village. Those two miles represent practically the whole world as Uncle Tom knew it.

Until two years ago, Tom was so spry and industrious, always hating to be idle, that Mrs. Ellis permitted him to do chores and look after the lawn and flowers, which he did well. Then he became feeble and the family made arrangements for him to buy with his own savings (he insisted on that) a little cabin in Waverly. They arranged for a family to live with and care for him, and there Tom spent his last days, "up and around" most of the time, but "a little doty," as folks said. In his dotage his stories became somewhat exaggerated and fantastic. One of his favorite narratives, told in graphic detail of his hiding in a tree under which General Lee surrendered, he seeing and hearing everything that went on on that historic occasion.

Tom was married once to the girl of his choice, another slave on the Burt plantation. She became "Aunt Hattie" to all the later Burts; looked after the house with great efficiency, and by her superior cooking won the gratitude of the family and the compliments of the many guests at "Burtland." They never had any children. Aunt Hattie died about twenty-five years ago in her ninety-first year. Tom's mother lived to be one hundred and four.

It was his industry, and the brains he had, that prompted George E. Burt to appoint Tom foreman of the one thousand four hundred acre plantation. Mr. Burt was a sawmill operator, having at one time fifteen mills in operation in seven counties in Southside Virginia. These operations took most of his own time, and it was Tom who had complete charge of the management of the estate—and he kept everybody working. He was only about five feet tall.

He had another important job at that time too. A great shed had been built, alongside the enormous barn, to house the sixty or more mules used in lumbering operations when they were sent back to the plantation at the week end. Knowing mules and how to care for them properly, Tom went over every mule carefully, examining for shoulder bruises or injured feet, and treated those that needed attention.

Tom's sight and hearing remained good until about a year ago. In 1925 Stacy Ellis fixed a radio for him, with headphones, and everybody around Waverly remembers seeing the old man sitting on the porch at the Ellis home, the receivers on his ears, smiling at what he heard or jigging his feet in tune with the coming music. Also, he had a perfectly complete and sound set of teeth to the last.

He often took a "dram," but never became intoxicated. He smoked a pipe occasionally and chewed tobacco most of the time. Always he was smiling. The respect for "white folks," which he conceived when he was a slave in a family that was always fair and generous, continued through life. He never spoke disrespectfully of any white person.

In a hundred ways he was mindful of "spirits," though never, so far as anyone knew, was he afraid of them. He seemingly had them "under control." But it took such devices as a quarter under the tongue to protect him against evil.

He had the distinction of having been one of the first persons in Sussex County to ride in an automobile. The experience did not seem to impress him much, and always, until his one hundred and eighteenth year, he refused to call them autos, invariably referring to a car as a "bicycle."

Interment was in a lot which George Burt had purchased for Tom years ago, beside the grave of his wife, "Aunt Hattie."

FEDERAL BLUNDERS AT FRANKLIN.

BY THE LATE CAPT. JOHN K. SHELLENBERGER, SIXTY-FOURTH OHIO REGIMENT

(Continued from October Number)

The front line of Strickland's Brigade ran along the foot of the garden of Mr. Carter, the owner of the land on which the battle was fought. The reserve line was posted behind the fence, at the other end of the garden, sixty-five yards away. The ground there being a little higher, to protect themselves from bullets coming over the front line, the men constructed a barricade, using the fence as a basis. When Opdycke's demi-brigade, charging on the west side of the pike, came to this barricade, it halted there. The enemy in the garden then fell back behind Strickland's breastwork. During the remainder of the battle, the opposing lines occupied these relative positions. Every effort made by either side to cross the garden met with a bloody repulse. Mr. Carter told me that he and his family were in the cellar of his house during the progress of the battle; that the cellar was full of men who had taken refuge there, and that he tried in vain to get them to go out and join their comrades in the fight. He was over the ground early the next morning and then saw the dead body of one Confederate soldier lying between the barricade and his house. This body probably indicated the high-water mark reached by the assault. It is only fair to the gallant rebels who penetrated our line to state that Opdycke's charge was made too promptly for them to have any time to recover their wind. In the hand-to-hand encounter, they were laboring under the great disadvantage of the physical fatigue already described.

Returning to my personal experiences, when I had rested sufficiently to be able to sit up, I found at my feet a small can of coffee standing on the embers of a little camp fire and beside it a tin plate filled with hard-tack and fried bacon. Some soldier was about to eat his supper when he was called into line by the opening of the battle in front. I first took a delicious drink of the coffee and then helped myself to a liberal portion of the hard-tack and bacon.

While sitting there, eating and drinking, I incidentally watched the progress of the fighting. By the time I had finished, I was so fully rested and refreshed that thereafter I was able to shout encouragement to the men fighting in my vicinity as loudly as any other company commander. Along that part of the line only the parapet separated the combatants. On our side we had five or six ranks deep composed of the original line, the reserves, and Conrad's men, all mixed up together without any regard to their separate organizations. The front rank did nothing but fire. The empty guns were passed back to those in the rear, who re-loaded them. The rear rank was kneeling with guns at a ready. If a rebel showed his head above the head log, down it would go instantly with one or more bullets in it, fired by the rear rank men. In this close fighting, the advantage was all on our side. Our front rank men, standing close up to the perpendicular face of the work on our side, could stick the muzzle of a musket over the top of the head log and, by elevating the breach, could send a plunging shot among the rebels in the ditch outside, exposing for an instant only the hand that discharged the piece. On account of the convex face of the work on their side, they could not reach us with their fire without exposing themselves above the parapet. They kept up the vain struggle until long after dark,

but finally elevated their hats on the ends of their muskets and called over that if we would stop shooting, they would surrender. When our firing then ceased, many came over and surrendered. Many others took advantage of the darkness and of the confusion occasioned by their comrades in crossing the breastwork to slip back to their own lines.

Soon after the firing had ceased, the 64th Ohio reformed its broken ranks a few steps in rear of the breastwork and just east of the cotton gin. I did not learn all the facts that night, but when they came out later, it transpired that every man in my company, save one, who had escaped the casualties of the battle, fell into line. A one thousand dollar substitute fled to the town. I had lost my overcoat, but never had dropped my sword. Some of the men had dropped their knapsacks, or blanket rolls, but every one of them had his gun and cartridge box.

They were all in high spirits over their own escape, and over the part they had played in repulsing the enemy, and were talking and laughing over their various adventures in great glee. The condition of my company was typical of the condition of the other companies in the regiment as I saw while passing along the line inquiring into the fate of some of my friends. I also learned later from Major Coulter, who had been my old captain and who was serving that night as adjutant of the brigade, that all the other regiments of the brigade had reformed in rear of the breastwork in the same way as the 64th Ohio, and that the brigade as an organization had marched from the vicinity of the cotton gin when the order to retreat was executed that night. That was exactly what was to be expected of them from their previous battle record. I never heard the least intimation contrary to the truth, as I have related it, until I read, in 1882, with the most indignant surprise, in Cox's book on that campaign just published, his statement that the brigades of Conrad and Lane rallied at the river, but were not again carried into action. When Cox made that statement he was more concerned to patch up that fatal gap in his own battle line without any outside assistance than he was to tell the truth. In his first official report, for he made two reports, he went to the other extreme. He there stated that on the approach of the enemy, the two brigades in his front withdrew "in a leisurely manner" inside his line. "Leisurely manner" is so good in that connection that it always brings a smile whenever I recall the "leisurely manner" in which Conrad's Brigade made its way back to Cox's line. Moreover, in a letter written to General Wagner three days after the battle, inclosing a copy of a letter to General Thomas, urging the promotion of Colonel Opdycke, Cox took occasion to express the opinion he then held, based on his personal observation, of the conduct of Wagner's Division:

"I desire also to express my admiration of the gallantry of your whole command. Indeed an excess of bravery kept the two brigades a little too long in front, so that the troops at the main line could not get to firing on the advancing enemy until they were uncomfortably near."

Soon after the regiment had reformed, a mortally wounded drafted man was brought in from the ditch outside. No doubt he had reached the ditch in too exhausted a condition to climb over the breastwork and had lain out among the enemy in the ditch, where he had been repeatedly hit by our own fire. The pain of his wounds had made him crazy, for he kept crawling around on his hands and knees, moaning in agony. There were several men missing from my company of whom their comrades could not give any account. Moved by the fate of the drafted man, I crossed the breastwork to search outside if perchance I might find one or more of the

missing ones lying there wounded and bring them aid. I went to a gun of the 6th Ohio battery, posted a short distance east of the cotton gin, to get over. As I stepped up into the embrasure, the sight that there met my eyes was horrible, even in the dim starlight. The mangled bodies of the dead rebels were piled up as high as the mouth of the embrasure. The gunners said that repeatedly when the lanyard was pulled the embrasure was full of men who were literally blown from the mouth of the cannon. Only one rebel succeeded in passing the muzzle of that gun, and one of the gunners snatched up a pick leaning against the breastwork and killed him with that. Captain Baldwin, of this battery, has stated that as he stood by one of his guns, watching the effect of its fire, he could hear the smashing of the bones as the missiles tore their way through the ranks of the enemy.

As I was carefully making my way around one side of that heap of mangled humanity, a wounded man lying at the bottom of the heap, with head and shoulders protruding, begged of me, "for the love of Christ, "to pull the dead bodies off him. The ditch was piled promiscuously with the bodies of the dead and the badly wounded, and heads, arms, and legs were sticking out in almost every conceivable manner. The ground near the ditch was so thickly covered with the bodies that I had to pick my steps carefully to avoid treading on them. The air was filled with the moans of the wounded, and the pleadings of some of those who saw me for water, and for help, were heartrending. As I was walking along toward the pike to get in the pathway on which my company had come back, I passed two rebel flags lying on the ground close together.

It did not occur to me that I would be entitled to any credit for picking up the flags under the circumstances. As I did not want to be hampered with them while continuing my search, I thought that if I did not find what I was looking for I would return that way and take the flags in with me. I had passed on a few steps when I heard a man behind me exclaim: "Look out there!" Turning hastily, thinking he was calling to me, I saw him pitch the two flags over the breastwork. I presume the men there who got possession of the flags afterwards were sent to Washington with them, and possibly may have got medals for their capture.

I felt so uneasy while outside, lest the enemy might make some move that would start our line to firing again, that I kept close to the breastwork, ready to jump over instantly on any alarm. As it was soon manifest that the chance of finding a friend in the darkness, where the bodies were so many, was too remote to justify the risk I was taking, I returned inside our line. From what I saw while outside I have always believed that the enemy never reported their losses fully. Those losses were, in some respects, without precedent in either army on any other battle field of the war. They had five generals killed, six wounded, and one captured. The slaughter of field and company officers, as well as of the rank and file, was correspondingly frightful. It was officially reported of Quarles's Brigade that the ranking officer left at the close of the battle was a captain. Of the nine divisions of infantry in Hood's army, seven divisions got up in time to take part in the assault, and six of these seven were as badly wrecked as was Pickett's Division in its famous charge at Gettysburg.

Our loss was officially reported as 2,326 men killed, wounded, or captured. Almost the whole of it was due to the position of the two brigades in front of the main line. Casement's Brigade, to the left of Reilly's, sustained a determined assault that was repulsed with the loss of only three men

killed and sixteen wounded in his brigade. Casement's men were not hampered in their action by the presence of any of Wagner's men in their front. They could open fire as soon as the enemy came within range.

If the brigades of Reilly and Strickland could have opened fire under the same conditions, they would have done just as well as Casement's Brigade. A critical investigation of our losses, such as I have made, will conclusively demonstrate that at Franklin the violation of the military axiom, never to post a small body of troops in a way to hamper the action of the main body, was directly responsible for the unnecessary loss of more than two thousand of our soldiers. That was the costly butcher's bill our army had to pay for a bit of incompetent generalship. How was it possible for veteran generals of the Atlanta campaign to make such a gross blunder?

It was Schofield's orders that halted the troops outside when on the march to their proper position inside the breastworks. The orders were verbal, which enabled him, after the event, to repudiate them. In his official report, he treated the affair very gingerly: "Two brigades of Wagner's Division were left in front to retard the enemy's advance. Our outposts, imprudently brave, held their ground too long, and hence were compelled to come in on the run." In his book, "Forty-Six Years in the Army," written many years later, he made this vivid comment: "According to the established rules of war, these three commanders—Wagner, Lane, and Conrad—ought to have been tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, shot or cashiered for sacrificing their own men and endangering the army." It is certain that some one should have been shot or cashiered for that atrocious blunder, and that a court-martial should have been promptly convened to determine, after a full investigation, who that some one was. The amount of resistance the two brigades must make, as contemplated by Schofield's orders, "to retard the enemy's advance," is fully explained in the reports of Lane and Conrad. Colonel Lane reported: "I received orders to give battle to the enemy, and, if able, to drive him off; if overpowered to check him as long as possible and then retire to the main line." Colonel Conrad reported: "I sent word to the general commanding the division to ask if he expected I should hold the line I was then on. The General came up and gave me orders to hold the line as long as possible, and to have the sergeants fix bayonets and keep the men in their places."

In both of Cox's two reports he made detailed statements concerning the orders given to Wagner that were intended to fix all the blame on him. In view of Cox's total disregard of the truth, as proved in his statement that the two brigades withdrew in a leisurely manner inside his line, and of his personal interest to shift all responsibility off his own shoulders, his statements, unconfirmed by any other evidence, are not worthy of belief. In his first report he made an important statement which will be confirmed by a statement from Dr. Cliff, to be given later: "About two o'clock, the enemy came in full view. The fact was reported to the commanding general, as well as the disposition of the troops as they were, and his orders received in reference to holding the position." It is notable that he did not state what the orders were. He made that report, and received those orders, in a personal conference with Schofield, when they must have fully discussed the situation. His failure to state what the orders were undoubtedly was intended as a covert threat, as if he should say to Schofield: "If you attempt to hold me responsible for the blunder, I will tell what your orders were." After receiving those orders, Cox returned to the front and took up his station on the knoll in rear of Stiles's Brigade. He remained there, watching all that was going on in front,

until the two brigades were on the run for the breastworks, with the enemy in hot pursuit. He then fell back to the Columbia Pike, in his rear. In one of several letters received from General Stanley, he informed me that as he was riding to the front, after the firing began, he met Cox on the pike in rear of Opdycke's Brigade. It took Hood's army many minutes, with Cox looking on, to march in battle order from the place of its formation to the point where it came within range of Conrad's line, when the firing began. If there was anything in the orders Cox had received from Schofield that contemplated the withdrawal of the two brigades, under any circumstances, without fighting, why did not Cox intervene before the firing began, when he saw that Hood's whole army was advancing to assault? The inference is inescapable: Either Cox was disobeying his orders in the same way as the three commanders, or he put the same interpretation on the orders he had received as they put on theirs—that is to say, the two brigades must hold the position in front until driven in by an overpowering force of the enemy. A few days after the battle, Schofield and Cox, working together, succeeded in making Wagner the scapegoat. On their representations, without any court-martial, or other fair investigation, he was relieved of the command of his division. That was the only punishment meted out to anyone. With that action the matter was quietly hushed up. There still remains much to relate in fixing the prime responsibility for the blunder.

In a written account furnished me by Captain Whitesides, Wagner's adjutant, he stated that about half past two o'clock, Wagner directed him to see Colonel Lane and find out what was going on in his front. From his position on the pike at the gap in the breastworks, Wagner could see Stewart's Corps forming in Conrad's front, as already described. His view of Lane's front was obstructed by the great number of trees on the west side of the pike. Colonel Lane told Whitesides that Hood was forming his army in battle order and that without any doubt it was his intention to attack in force; that the position of the two brigades in front of the breastworks was a faulty one, as they were without any support on either flank, and if they were not withdrawn they would be run over by the enemy, or compelled to fall back to the breastworks under fire. On reporting Lane's statement to Wagner, Whitesides was directed to find General Stanley, the corps commander, and tell him what Lane had said. He found Stanley, with Schofield, at the house of Dr. Cliffe, in the central part of the town, and reported to them Lane's statement. He then returned to Wagner, who received no orders afterwards that he knew of.

The report of Cox and the statement of Whitesides indicate that both Cox and Wagner believed that Hood intended to assault, but that neither of them, with Schofield in easy communication, would take the responsibility of withdrawing the two brigades from the position to which he had assigned them without his sanction. He was a professional soldier, while they were volunteers. When Wagner forwarded the specific report on the situation made by Colonel Lane, and then waited for Schofield to take action, he had done all that the "established rules of war" required of him. For it is not permissible for a subordinate commander, in the presence of the enemy, to change his orders, if he has time to communicate with his chief, without that chief's sanction. Otherwise chaos would prevail on the battle field. On this occasion there was plenty of time, after Whitesides had delivered his report, for Schofield to ride to the front, which he could have done in less than ten minutes, to see what was going on. And yet, with nothing of more importance than waiting for his

dinner to detain him, he never stirred to give the matter any personal attention.

In a personal interview, Dr. Cliffe told me that Schofield came to his house for his breakfast and afterwards made his headquarters there; that after breakfast he retired to a bedroom and slept until noon; that shortly before the opening of the battle, Cox was at his house conferring with Schofield, and staff officers were coming and going until the firing began; that Stanley was with Schofield and they were waiting for their dinner, which Mrs. Cliffe was preparing; that they told him there would be no battle that day because Hood would not attack breastworks; that after dinner they would ride on to Nashville and the army would follow that night. Stanley and Cliffe had been schoolboys together in Wayne County, Ohio, which probably was the occasion of his house being taken as headquarters. He was a well-known Union man, and as it was supposed it might be unsafe for him to remain in Franklin, he was invited to accompany Schofield and Stanley on their ride to Nashville.

General Stanley, worn out by his anxious, sleepless labors of the day and night preceding at Spring Hill, was sick. He spent the day at Cliffe's house and he concurred with Schofield in the belief that Hood would not assault, as is fully stated in his official report: "From one o'clock until four in the evening, the enemy's entire force was in sight and forming for attack, yet in view of the strong position we held, and reasoning from the former course of the rebels during the campaign, nothing appeared so improbable as that they would assault. I was so confident in this belief that I did not leave General Schofield's headquarters until the firing began."

So great was their delusion as to Hood's intention that it could not be shaken by the reports made by their subordinates. Nothing short of the loud roar of the opening battle was able to arouse them into giving any personal attention to the situation. Then, at last, when it was too late to do anything to remedy a blunder that already had progressed so far that it must go on to its full culmination, Schofield and Stanley left the house of Dr. Cliffe. Stanley hurried to the front, which he reached just in time to go in with Opdycke's Brigade. A little later his horse was shot under him and he got a bullet through the back of his neck after he had arisen to his feet. It was a flesh wound that bled profusely, for Mrs. Stanley informed me the shirts he wore were so badly saturated with his blood that she was keeping them in that condition as a family heirloom. In spite of the bleeding, Stanley remained in front until after the fighting was all over. He then went to the rear to get his wound dressed. After his departure, Cox was the senior general on the battle field.

General Schofield has claimed that he scored a great success in his campaign against Hood and that this success was due to his intimate knowledge of Hood's character, gained while they were classmates at West Point, which enabled him to foresee what Hood would do. At Franklin he relied so confidently on his ability to foresee what Hood's action would be that he not only neglected to give any personal attention to the preparations for assault, which Hood was making in plain sight of our front, but he would not give any heed to the reports coming to him from those who had seen the preparations. It was his belief, with no better basis than his intimate knowledge of Hood's character, that Hood was making an ostentatious feint in front to mask his real intention of executing a flank movement like the one of the day before at Spring Hill. In a message to General Thomas, dated at three o'clock, Schofield informed Thomas that Hood was in his front with about two corps and seemed preparing—to attack—no, to cross the river above and below.

He has tried to escape all personal responsibility for the blunder by the false statement that he was over the river when the firing began. Even if that statement were true, and it is directly contradicted by the disinterested statement of Dr. Cliffe, as well as by much other evidence, there is no possible escape for Schofield from the inexorable logic of the situation. There were thousands of private soldiers who knew, from what they could see, that a direct assault by the whole of Hood's army was coming. Why did not Schofield know this when it was so easily knowable? What was he doing during the two hours that Hood's preparations for attack were in progress? If he saw anything of those preparations, he showed incompetence by his failure promptly to withdraw the two brigades from the blundering position to which he had assigned them. If he saw nothing of the preparations, it was only because of a criminal neglect of his duty when the perilous situation of the army, with a greatly superior enemy in its front and a river at its back, demanded his utmost vigilance.

When Stanley started for the front, Schofield started for the rear. Either he interpreted the sounds of the firing to mean that the expected flank movement had begun, and that his duty called him over the river to take care of that flank movement, or he had in mind to provide for his own escape in case the unlooked for assault should prove successful, with the probable destruction of all that part of the army south of the river. North of the river he would have Wood's Division to guard him safely back to Nashville. In his haste he abandoned, in the room in Cliffe's house where he had slept, his overcoat, gloves, and a package containing the dispatches he had received from General Thomas. These articles were not reclaimed until our army had returned to Franklin after the victory at Nashville. In the meantime, Mrs. Cliffe took care of the coat by wearing it herself, and she also safely kept the gloves and the dispatches.

After crossing the river, Schofield rode to the fort that had been built the year before on the high bluff that formed the north bank of the river. From this elevated position, he commanded a good view of a large part of the battle field, and the heavy guns in the fort were engaged in firing on the nearest flank of the enemy. But he was not only well beyond the range of every hostile shot that was fired, he was so far away by the road a staff officer must ride to communicate with the firing line, down the bluff to a bridge across the river thence through the streets of the town and out the Columbia Pike, about two miles in all, that he was wholly out of touch with the troops that were fighting the battle. His presence in the fort had no more to do with Hood's repulse than if he had been back in Nashville. The only order he sent from the fort was the order to retreat, thereby giving up the battle field, with our dead and many of the badly wounded, to a disastrously defeated enemy. When this order reached Cox, he made a manly protest against it. He explained the wrecked condition of the rebel army to the staff officer who brought the order and, giving his opinion that further retreat was entirely unnecessary, he urged the officer to return to Schofield and persuade him to countermand the order. He also sent his brother, Captain Cox, of his own staff, to remonstrate with Schofield and to say that General Cox would be responsible with his head for holding the position. When Captain Cox reached the fort, he found that Schofield already had started for Nashville. The captain hurried in pursuit and, overtaking Schofield on the pike and delivering his message, was informed that the order to retreat would not be recalled and must be executed. In Wagner's Division we had been marching, or fortifying, or fighting for more than forty hours. We

believed that we had reached the limit of human endurance, but we still had to plod the eighteen weary miles to Nashville before getting any rest.

In January, 1865, Schofield, with the corps he was then commanding, was transferred from Tennessee to North Carolina. When he passed through Washington en route, he had the opportunity to give President Lincoln his personal account of his campaign against Hood. He was still dripping, so to speak, with the blood of the slaughtered victims of his incapacity, and yet he had the audacity to claim that he was entitled to the credit for the disastrous defeat that had been inflicted on the enemy at Franklin. The President must have known in a general way that the enemy had made a very determined assault, which had been most disastrously repulsed, but he certainly was ignorant of the details of the battle. In the absence of any information to the contrary, his natural inference would be that Schofield, as our commanding general, was entitled to all the credit that he claimed. At that time the truth concerning Schofield's connection with the battle was known to a few men only, and those who would have exposed his pretensions, if they had had any knowledge of what he was claiming, were all far away in Tennessee. The dishonest claim for distinguished services rendered in the battle which Schofield succeeded in imposing on "Honest Old Abe," may be fairly inferred from the extraordinary promotion given him over the heads of many able and deserving officers—from the rank of captain in the regular army to brigadier general, to date November 30, 1864, with a brevet as major general, "for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Franklin, Tenn."

A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

An account of the unveiling of a marker at the grave of Joshua Stone, a Revolutionary patriot, placed by the U. D. C. Chapter, of Chatham, Va., was sent by Mrs. Lizzie Miller Jones, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., who wrote that "the memorial service took place on August 15, 1928, and some fifty to seventy-five of his descendants attended. The marker is near Alta Vista, Va., where he is buried on an estate he owned before the Revolution, and which is still in possession of one of his numerous descendants. The oration was delivered by a great-great-nephew, Dr. J. B. Stone, of Richmond, Va."

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

We are gathered here to dedicate a memorial to one of those gallant heroes who fought and suffered in order that we might become the free and independent nation that we are to-day. But for the grim struggle of those sturdy and courageous men, who can say what now might be our state?

Those were stirring times of stress and danger in the early seventies when Great Britain, mistress of the seas, dared trample on the rights of a liberty-loving people and lost an empire. For in the new world the invincible and unbroken vigor and vitality inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race had been multiplied many fold. Here in Virginia were to be found, as a natural heritage evolved to the highest degree, those two glorious Anglo-Saxon traits: Respect for authority and resistance to its abuse.

No children were ever more loyal to a mother than were the Virginia Colonies to the royal house in England as long as their rights were respected. Many were the cavaliers who settled within her borders, and when disaster befell the royal family at home, it was Virginia who invited Charles II to seek refuge within her borders.

As Maury has truly said: "The Virginians were a brave and active people, always ready to defend their homes, were

taught to love and honor their king, but to defend their rights if ever the English crown denied them. They were taught their duty to God, to tell the truth, to respect and protect women, and to fear no man." To such a people submission to oppression and tyranny was unthinkable, and when the mother country refused to see this trait of the young Americans and turned a deaf ear to their pleas for justice, only armed revolt could follow.

Many were the difficulties that faced these pioneers, but they were undaunted, and there followed noble deeds of courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice.

As young America mustered her forces to throw off the British yoke, we find many illustrious Virginia patriots in the top rank of those leaders who sought freedom and happiness for their countrymen. Spontaneously and instinctively did the patriots gather throughout the land at various meeting places to decide the course best suited for the common good. In Virginia, after Governor Dunmore had dissolved the House of Burgesses, George Mason, at a meeting in the Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg, drew up the "nonimportation resolutions" as a protest against the unjust taxation of the colonies. At this meeting was issued the call for election of candidates from the counties to a convention of the colonies at Williamsburg (August 1, 1774), and at this convention in Williamsburg delegates were elected to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia (1774).

"Resolutions of Independence" were prepared by Edmund Pendleton and read to the troops assembled at Williamsburg after Virginia was left without a governor by the flight of Lord Dunmore. Patrick Henry, in Richmond, fanned to a white heat the fires of indignation over the unjust taxation and oppression of the colonies.

The Virginia Resolutions of Independence were followed by the Bill of Rights and new constitution of Virginia, both prepared by George Mason. A month later (June 7, 1776) when Congress met in Philadelphia, it was Richard Henry Lee, acting in accordance with instructions from the Virginia House of Burgesses, who moved the adoption of the Resolutions of Independence, declaring: "That these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." And proposed a plan of confederation of the colonies. After Lee's resolution had been adopted, it was the great Thomas Jefferson who was chosen to draw up the necessary paper constituting the Declaration of Independence. And that independence was made a reality by another noble son of Virginia, the matchless George Washington.

As these great leaders aroused the colonies and pointed the way to freedom, men left their peaceful pursuits and answered the call to arms. Many a private soldier, no less a patriot than the chieftains of high rank, made the supreme sacrifice in his country's cause, and though as an individual passed into oblivion, yet will live forever in the hearts and minds of his countrymen for the part he played in the cause of freedom.

During these days of swiftly moving and momentous events, there lived in Virginia a man whose descendants, now scattered throughout the Southern States, are proud to claim as their ancestor. This man was Joshua Stone.

Patriotism, the greatest of civic virtues, has been defined as "love and zeal for one's country," and a patriot as "one whose ruling passion is the love of his country." It is strongest in the most democratic communities. To one imbued with this spirit the words of the poet ring true when he says: "It is sweet and seemly to die for one's country." Surely, in no more convincing way could one show his love for his country than by offering his life in her defense.

That Joshua Stone was a true patriot of this make is shown

by his response to his country's call. We find record of his serving as captain of a company of Virginia Militia, which he himself had raised. We also have record of this company being in service in the State of North Carolina, showing that its activities were not limited to its own State. As we picture him at the head of his company, we like to think of him in the words of Horace, who says: "The brave man was at home in every land, as fishes in the ocean."

Surrounded by and partaking of the spirit of the great Virginia patriots, Edmund Pendleton, George Mason, Patrick Henry, and George Washington, we see this trusted leader with his company of staunch and courageous soldiers fighting for his country's freedom.

It was not given to him to serve his country in any high office of State, but, like many others whose names have never been emblazoned on the scrolls of fame, he did his part in the great conflict. During the long years of war and bloodshed he led his men through many hazardous undertakings, encouraging them by his words of cheer and his example of self-sacrifice. Such is our conception of Joshua Stone, the soldier.

It has been said that "we are quotations from our ancestors." So, combining the facts that have come down to us concerning Joshua Stone, and noting the character of those on whom he left his imprint, we are able to form our ideas of the man himself. We picture him as an unassuming person; a man of intellect, yet modest and not given to display or ambitious self-seeking; a man of strong convictions, reached after due deliberation, and one with the courage to stand up for these convictions. When he spoke it was with firmness, and yet beneath a possibly stern exterior there beat a warm and sympathetic heart. He was the type to whom men turn for counsel and succor when misfortune overtakes them. He was a broadminded and God fearing man, with a zeal for truth and justice, and we believe none seeking his advice ever left his portals without being helped by his words of encouragement, cheer, and wisdom.

After the war was ended and a new nation had been born, there were still great difficulties to be overcome. To establish success, "the sword must be followed by the plow." Additional proof of patriotism lies in taking our full share of public work and responsibility. In peace as well as war, Joshua Stone measured up to his responsibilities. We find him active in civic affairs, working for the welfare of his community and State. He gave freely of his time and talents in the service of those about him. He and his family were prominent landowners and, while successfully managing his own private estates, his balanced judgment often led to his appointment on various committees in the conduct of local public affairs. As an example of such activity, we cite one record that "an act was passed (January 22, 1798) for removing the Superior Court from the town of New London in order to better serve the citizens of Bedford, Campbell, Franklin, Pittsylvania, Patrick, and Henry Counties. Joshua Stone was one of a committee appointed to select a suitable place for this court to meet. So, as a citizen, we see him ever ready and equipped to answer the call of duty in any place of need, whether it were in war or in peace.

We are proud to claim Joshua Stone as our ancestor and to know that in our veins flows the same blood that coursed through his. We cherish his memory and the memory of those who lived and wrought with him. But for the work of such pioneers as he, who helped to lay firm the foundations of our republic, we would not be the right, powerful, and free nation that we are to-day.

We wish to commemorate the life and work of this forefather of ours, and in so doing commemorate also the lives and deeds of all those brave men of the American Revolution who proved upon the battle field their courage and their loyalty, and, undismayed by almost unsurmountable obstacles, struggled on until freedom was achieved. Our desire has found expression in the erection of this simple monument. In its simplicity it is a fitting memorial to that rugged soldier who wrought without ostentation in war and in peace, and whose integrity of soul won for him a high place in the esteem and love of his fellow men.

As we here pay tribute to his memory, we pray that we may have a double portion of his noble spirit.

VICKSBURG IN 1863.

The *Heritage*, Mississippi U. D. C. organ, gives the following from a diary of 1863, as some of the experiences of our women under fire during the siege of Vicksburg:

"Saturday, May 16, 1863. Since I last wrote, all has been uncertainty and suspense. Night before last we heard picket firing and one gun and thought the boats were about to commence an attack. The firing was a gunboat, towing a coal barge. Our men secured it and brought it in with eight thousand bushels of coal, which the Federal boats below must need greatly

"Sunday morning: My pen refuses to tell of our terrible disaster yesterday. From six o'clock in the morning until five in the evening the battle (Champion Hill to Baker's Creek) raged furiously. We are defeated.

"Later: I hope never to witness such scenes as the return of our routed army. From 12 o'clock until late at night the streets were jammed with men, wagons, cannons, horses, mules, stock, sheep, everything you can imagine that appertains to an army being hurriedly brought within the entrenchments. As the poor tired soldiers passed, every house poured forth all it had to refresh them. What is to become of all living things in this place when the boats in the river begin shelling, God only knows. We can only hold this place until Johnston can come to our aid.

"Tuesday: There is firing all along the left wing toward the graveyard and toward the center, but not yet on the left.

"Last night we saw a grand and awful spectacle. The darkness was lit up with burning houses all along the line. They were burned that our firing would not be obstructed. . . . We have provided ourselves with a cave, as Gen. Stephen D. Lee says there will be no safety elsewhere.

"Wednesday: Yesterday the firing was continued all along our line until one o'clock, when the enemy threw a strong force against our right where General Lee is. It is terrific. I was up in my room sewing and praying in my heart, O, so earnestly, for our cause, when Nancy (negro servant) rushed up, actually pale, exclaiming: "O, mistress, the Yankees are pouring over the hill and our men are running. Just come to the gallery and you can see.' It brought before me forcibly what a state of excitement we were living in when I found that this did not startle me.

I got up, but I suppose slowly, for she exclaimed: "Mistress, just hear them! The shells are falling all around you. You will stay up here until you are killed." I went on the back gallery with my glass, and some men came pouring over the hill as the negro had said, darting through the shells, a brigade running past toward this point, so I thought, perhaps it might not be so bad. In fact, they were reinforcements being sent from other points.

"General Lee's praise is in every mouth. Yesterday at light again the battle commenced.

"About nine o'clock in the morning the gunboats towed some mortars into range of the city and then there was rushing into caves. Mrs. Higgins came up, and we then went into caves for the first time. Colonel Higgins thought we ought to go. There was a sense of suffocation from being under ground, the certainty that there was no way of escape, hemmed in, caged in. For one moment my heart seemed to stand still.

"Saturday: I had to stop writing Thursday, the shells exploded so thickly around us all day. About five o'clock there was a lull and we hoped to get some rest at night, but at six o'clock, as we sat on the gallery, a mortar shell exploded in the shed in front, making me involuntarily jump from my seat. Then another and another from all directions. The gunboats came and engaged in battling, and such a time as we had watching the shells. We were thankful when dark came, for we could better avoid them. We sat or stood in front of the house until eleven o'clock, knowing that it would never do to go to bed, as several houses had been struck. Mrs. Pryor's and Mrs. Willis's. When we walked up to Castle Hill, you must understand that it was not in the usual way. We walked down the street, but had to take the middle of the street. When we heard a shell, we would watch for it, and this was about every half minute. As soon as a shell gets over your head, you are safe, for even if it approaches near, the pieces fall forward and do not touch you; but the danger is that sometimes, while watching one, another comes and may explode or fall near you before you are aware.

"Soon after we got home from the hill, Mrs. Crump came from some cave, where she had been, quite exhausted. We made her come and lie down while we watched, and she got a little sleep. But I do not think many eyes closed in sleep that night. Poor Mary Green, with her little one, was running from place to place all night, and finally went into a cave.

"Monday, May 25: In the midst all of this carnage and commotion it is touching to see how every work of God, save man, gives praise to him. The birds are singing as merrily as if all were well, rearing their little ones teaching them to fly, and fulfilling their part in nature's program as quietly and happily as if this fearful work of man slaying his brother man was not in progress. The heavy firing gives showers every day, and nature is more lovely than usual.

"Later: General Lee and Captain Elliott have just left here. They came in and took lunch.

"Tuesday: General Pemberton was here yesterday. He seems very hopeful. Says he can hold the place sixty days and even more by living on very short rations.

"Wednesday: Many of our men and officers are killed and wounded every day. We do not fire because we have no ammunition to waste, and must save it to repel assault, but that is very discouraging to the men. I had stayed at home every night except two. I could not stand the mosquitoes and the crowd in the cave. Most people spend their entire time in them, for there is no safety anywhere else. Several accidents have occurred. In one cave nearly a whole family were killed or crippled. I send out buttermilk to General Lee and staff every day.

"In some parts of the town the streets are literally plowed up. Many narrow escapes have been made, but I have only heard of three deaths (citizens) from shells.

"Later: Five boats from below and one, a terrible monster from above, engaged our batteries. In a very short time we perceived that the monster was disabled, and a tug came to

her relief. Later men were seen to leave her side. Then she drifted over to the Mississippi shore and there arose the glad shout: "She is sinking." Sinking, indeed she was, and there she lies under the water except for chimneys and her horn. Those from below retired when they saw this, so the battle is over, for to-day, and we are again victorious on water.

"Friday, May 29th: Colonel Higgins came in to show us an official dispatch which General Pemberton had just received by a courier [this must have been Homer or Lamar Fontaine.] The courier brought us 18,000 rifle caps, which we greatly needed, and says two million are on the way. You may judge we were excited. This, the first piece of news from the outside world we have had in ten days, was glorious. We invited Colonel Higgins and some of the battery officers, and General Pemberton and a few others to come up to lunch. And such a thanksgiving for this good news and the sinking of the Federal boat the day before. So we made merry over it.

"Some few timid persons started a petition last week asking General Pemberton to grant a flag of truce to send the women and children beyond the lines. Not one, except the three persons who got the petition up, would sign it. I told General Pemberton I hoped he would grant nothing of the kind, as we had all been sufficiently warned.

"Tuesday morning: On Sunday Mr. Lord, at the request of Alice Lake and myself, held service. There was not much firing and only the ringing of the bell announced service. There were thirty persons. The church had been considerably injured and was so filled with brick and mortar and glass that it was difficult to find a place to sit. Last night there was a terrible fire in town. Nearly the whole of the block from Brown and Johnson's to Crutcher's store burned. One or two persons who had passes to leave the city, if they could, returned last night, General Grant saying that no one should leave the city until it surrendered.

WITH THE LOUISIANA ZOUAVES.

BY J. W. MINNICH, MORGAN CITY, LA.

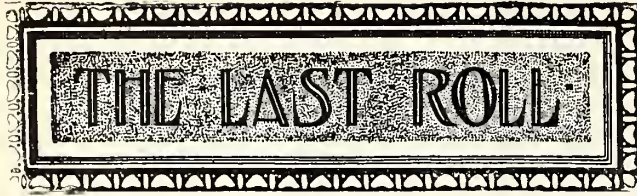
In the September VETERAN appears another list of prisoners on Johnson's Island. It is not to be expected that any one man (or even a half dozen men) could compile a complete list of the officers confined on Johnson's Island without having before him the prison record of prisoners received. I have only a list of those of my own barrack (47) on Rock Island, and a scant half dozen others, not including a half hundred or more whom I knew there, but whose names I did not record. I simply wish to add two names to the VETERAN's list as it stands. Those of Col. Paul Francois De Gournay and Capt. John R. Keane, both of De Gournay's Battalion, 12th Regiment of Heavy Artillery, who were surrendered at Port Hudson, La., July 8, 1863. Captain Keane was one of the "Immortal Six Hundred" sent from New York to Charleston and camped under the fire of our own guns, a most infamous chapter and blot on the pages of the Lincoln-Seward régime. Those gallant and unfortunate victims of fanatical hatred who survived the ordeal were later returned to New York and were sent to Johnson's Island, where Captain Keane died. Colonel De Gournay survived that experience and died of old age some dozen or more years ago in Baltimore. Both were as fine men and officers as any one could wish to serve under.

A bit of history of both and the command may not be out of place here. De Gournay's Battalion was organized in New Orleans during March, 1861, as the fifth company of

Copen's Battalion of Louisiana Zouaves, copied after the French "Zouaves d'Afrique," and were quite objects of interest and curiosity wherever we went or were seen during those early days. Only a year or so before Elsworth's Zouaves had created a furore throughout the country in their parade from Chicago to New York and Boston—if not mistaken. Copens determined to go Elsworth one better by organizing a battalion on strictly French lines, a French corps in every detail. The official language was French, uniforms and all accouterments, from gaiters to skull caps with blue tassels and shaven forelock, and very baggy trousers, veritable "Red, white, and blues," but the white was not conspicuous, only showing on the gaiters. Black shoes and leather leggins—yes, we were a sight, and a wonder all along the route from Pensacola to Richmond and Yorktown, where, after the first battle of the war at Big Bethel, De Gournay's company was detached from the battalion and put into the heavy artillery, while the other four companies remained infantry and were severely cut up a year later at Seven Pines and Cold Harbor, where Major Wheat was killed. After his death, what was left of his battalion (the "Tigers") and the Zouaves were merged into a single command under Colonel Copens and acted as such until after the battle of Sharpsburg.

After that sanguinary battle, the Zouaves and remnant of Wheat's Battalion lost their identity as a command. Colonel Copens had been killed during the battle, they were without a commander, and not enough of them left to form two companies, so the fragments were incorporated with other Louisiana regiments in Harry Heney's Brigade, if I remember correctly. Such was my information by two surviving members in 1873-74. Both battalions were rough and ready fighters, and, so far as I have been able to learn, only one of Wheat's boys remained a year ago. Of the Zouaves battalion, who left New Orleans, March and April, 1861, four hundred and ninety strong, I can learn of none beside myself.

To return to De Gournay's: The battalion was sent first to Pensacola and Warrenton navy yard, then, about the first of June, started for Richmond, and from there to Yorktown and Big Bethel, where we arrived June 12th, two days after the battle. We waited for about two weeks, more or less, waiting for Butler to make another attack. As he did not inaugurate any further move against Magruder, we returned to Yorktown. There, as before stated, De Gournay's company was attached to the heavy artillery and for eleven months, practically, we remained until the night of May 3, 1862, when Johnston withdrew his whole army to Richmond. De Gournay had organized a battalion at Yorktown and was appointed major, as part of the 12th Regiment of Artillery, and was promoted to the lieutenant colonelcy. In the spring of 1863, the command was sent to Port Hudson, where, after two months' siege, the post was surrendered to General Banks, after being reduced to a diet of one ear of corn and a half pound of mule meat per day, as Colonel De Gournay stated to me in a letter only a few years prior to his demise. After that, Johnson's Island—and the end. I had transferred to the cavalry after Mechanicsville, and was in East Tennessee and Kentucky and never saw the company again.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"THE Great Commander calls them home;
Like soldiers, they obey.
Erelong beneath the azure dome
Will camp the silent gray.
No challenge will disturb their rest,
No dreams, no shock of wars;
And there will lie on many a breast
The banner of the bars."

JUDGE THOMAS J. THOMASON.

Judge Thomas J. Thomason was born in Chambers County, Ala., August 13, 1845, and departed this life June 23, 1928. He was laid to rest with full Masonic honors.

When very small, his father moved to Roanoke, Ala., where he spent his boyhood days. He attended school there until about fifteen years old.

When the call to arms was sounded in 1861, he volunteered in the service of the Confederacy, joining Company K, of the 14th Alabama, Regiment. He was mustered into service at Auburn, Ala., the day before he was sixteen years old, and his command was assigned to the Army of Northern Virginia. He was in all the principal engagements of that army, except Gettysburg, until October, 1864. At Chancellorsville, he was thought mortally wounded, and received no attention from the surgeons until the day after the battle. A short time after Gettysburg he was again in ranks.

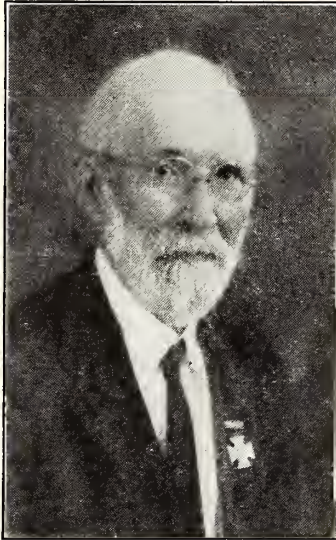
At Petersburg, during October, 1864, while charging a battery, he was again severely wounded by a shell explosion which killed seven and wounded thirteen of his company.

He was slightly wounded three other times.

When the surrender came, he was just able to hobble around on crutches.

After the war he attended a private school, for one year and then moved to Rock Mill, Ala., where he was engaged in the mercantile business for twenty years.

In 1867, he was married to Miss Florida Turner, daughter of Dr. James Turner, of Jonesboro, Ga. They lived happily together for sixty years, and she preceded him to the grave by a little more than a year.



JUDGE T. J. THOMASON.

In 1886, he was elected Judge of Probate of Randolph County, Ala. and served one term.

In 1896, he was elected State Senator from Randolph and Chambers Counties, and served one term.

His official life was clean and entirely satisfactory.

He owned a large farm near Hightower, Ala., where he spent the last years of his life.

He was a faithful and consistent member of the Church from early manhood and regular in his attendance at church and Sunday school up to his last sickness.

He was a Mason for more than sixty years, serving for years as Master of the Lodge.

He was remarkably active up to a very short time before his death, and his mind was clear to the end.

He was a man of sterling character, highly respected by his neighbors and all who knew him. His friends were numbered by his acquaintances, for he never had any enemies. He was firm in his friendship, loyal to the right, a devoted husband and father.

Upon learning of his death, a grandson wrote: "Dear grandpa! If he is repaid for a thousandth part of the good deeds he did and the happiness that he brought during his life on this earth, his hereafter will surely be a happy and contented one."

His loyalty to the Southern cause was exceeded only by his devotion to his family.

He sleeps the sleep of eternal rest. Peace be ever with him.

CORPORAL DANIEL C. RICHARDSON.

Another of God's nobleman "has passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees." Corporal David Crockett Richardson, of the "Boy Battery" of Richmond, Va., commanded by Capt. William Watts Parker, departed this life on October 4, at his home on Monument Avenue, in Richmond.

Corporal Richardson was born in New Kent County, Va., on June 9, 1845, and came to Richmond as a boy. At the formation of the "Boy Battery" in March, 1862, at the age of seventeen years, he was among the first to enlist, and was with the command when it was mustered into the service of the Confederate States on March 15, 1862. Corporal Richardson was the second man to be wounded in this command, receiving a severe wound at the battle of Second Manassas, and lay on the field for more than twenty-four hours without attention. Recovering from this disability, he was again with the battery for the battle of Fredericksburg, and was present with the battery in all of its numerous engagements in the Army of Northern Virginia and its service with Longstreet's Corps in Tennessee, returning with the corps in January, 1864, and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

There was no better soldier in any army than Corporal Richardson. During the time that the battery was in winter quarters, Corporal Richardson took up the study of law. In 1867, he entered the law office of Johnson & Guigon, of Richmond, to become three years later Clerk of the Police Court of Richmond, which position he held for ten years. During this time he continued his study of law, and received his degree as Bachelor of Law from Richmond College in 1874. Corporal Richardson served for eight years as Police Justice, retiring in 1884 to resume the practice of law. In 1896, he was elected Commonwealth Attorney of Richmond, filling this position for ten years, afterwards being elected mayor and later, 1912, Judge of the Hustings Court of Richmond, which position he filled until January, 1925, when he resigned on account of his illness.

Judge Richardson was a past Commander of R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Richmond Va. He was stricken by paralysis, October, 1924, and confined, to his bed until the end. He was laid to rest in his Confederate uniform by his special request.

[William M. K. Evans, Commander Virginia Division, U. C. V.]

MAJ. GEN. THOMAS P. LAMKIN.

(From memorial resolutions passed by the United Confederate Veterans of Alabama, in reunion at Montgomery on October 11, 1928, in memory of Maj. General Thomas P. Lamkin.)

Thomas P. Lamkin was born in Walker County, Ala., March 22, 1844; died at Jasper, Ala., May 9, 1928. He enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company F, 16th Alabama Volunteer Infantry, at the age of sixteen, and, beginning with the battle of Fishing Creek, served throughout the War between the States, proving on numerous battle fields the courage and patriotism characteristic of the true soldier of the South.

After the war he returned to Walker County, Ala., where he took an active part in all civic matters, was elected circuit clerk of his county at the time Houston carried the State for governor; and was until his death very useful in all matters pertaining to the Confederate veterans, being an active member of Camp Hutto, No. 1202, and of which he was Commander for many years. He found pleasure in aiding needy veterans, and provided transportation for a large number unable to pay their way to reunions.

General Lamkin was elected Commander of the Third Brigade, Alabama Division, U. C. V., and served in this capacity for several years, with the rank of brigadier general. About four years ago he was elected Commander of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., with the rank of major general, which office he held up to the time of his death. He devoted a large part of his time to matters connected with the veterans' organization, and was very active and helpful in getting the present Confederate pension law enacted.

General Lamkin was a Thirty-Third Degree Mason, Past Master of York Lodge No. 211, at Jasper; a member of all the Scottish Rite bodies at Birmingham; and a member of Zamora Temple, Shrine. He often said he only lived for the Masons and the Confederate veterans, to which organizations he was devoting his energies at the time of his death.

In the death of General Lamkin the State lost a useful and patriotic citizen and the Confederate veterans a brave and gallant leader.

WILLIAM H. MALONEY.

William H. Maloney, one of the few survivors of the McNeill Rangers, Confederate army, who on February 21, 1865, made a raid on Cumberland and captured the Union generals, Kelly and Crook, while the city was surrounded by thousands of Federal troops, died in October, 1927, in Cumberland, Md., at the age of eighty-two years.

This was one of the most daring exploits of the whole war. There were thirty Confederate soldiers in the party. The generals were held as prisoners in Richmond, Va., until after the war. General Kelly was taken from the old Barnum Hotel, now the Windsor, and General Crook from the old Revere House, both being aroused from their beds.

Commander Maloney was a native of Hampshire County, and was a magistrate at Romney for more than thirty years. For the last six years he had made his home with his daughter in Cumberland.

T. M. JOYNER.

T. M. Joyner departed this life on September 22, 1928, at the home of his son, L. I. Joyner, at Wakita, Okla., in his ninety-fourth year. He was born in North Carolina, August 5, 1835, but as a small boy he went with his parents to Tazewell County, Va., then in 1860 to Grundy County, Mo. In 1861, he enlisted in the Missouri State Guards under General Price. His Confederate service was with Company H, 3rd Missouri Infantry, to the fall of Vicksburg, 1863. After this, he was with Company D, 3rd and 5th consolidated, to the end of the war. He was with Johnston in front of Sherman through Georgia; was wounded in the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864, and surrendered at Princeton, Va., 1865.

His mind was clear to the end, he had never missed a Confederate reunion when possible for him to attend. He was at Little Rock reunion, where he contracted a deep cold, from which he never recovered.

GEN. JAMES S. MILLIKIN, U. C. V.

After a long illness, James Shaw Millikin, Assistant Adjutant General, U. C. V., died at his home at Millikin, La., on September 11, at the age of eighty-one years. He was laid to rest in Providence Cemetery there, with Masonic rites, and on his casket was draped the Confederate flag so dear to his heart.

James S. Millikin was born in Carroll Parish, La., in 1847, and when the War between the States came on in 1861, he joined Capt. J. W. Dunn's Company, known as the Floyd Guards; mustered out on account of his age and size, he at once joined the Tiger Rifles at Kilbourne, La., and his command was sent to Missouri, where he had part in the battle of Wilson's Creek and other engagements of that section. He later joined Simmons' 2nd Arkansas Cavalry, and again his age and size were against him, but he then joined the Missouri Minute Men and stayed with this company to the close of the war, under command of Capt. J. C. Lee, taking part in the battles of Centralia, Mo., Lawrence, Kans., and many others of importance.

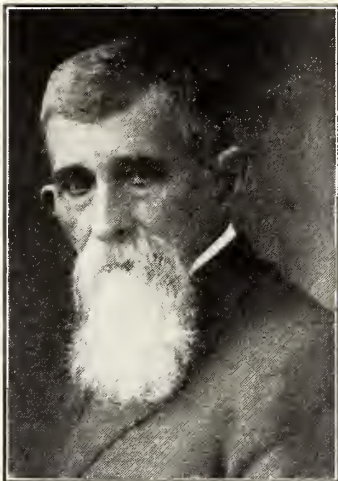
His grandfather served under Washington in the Revolutionary War, and his father was with Andrew Jackson in the Indian Wars and at the battle of New Orleans, and he carried their heroic traits into his service as a Confederate soldier.

Returning home after the war, July, 1865, he worked in the Recorder's office at Floyd, La., for a while, and then entered the Louisiana State Seminary and Military Academy, at Pineville, La., to complete his education. After leaving college, he returned to Carroll Parish, where he had lived ever since. In 1880, he was married to Miss Alice Keller, of Carroll Parish, and located in business at Bunch's Bend, later engaging in the mercantile business at Lake Providence, from which place he moved to the country and founded the town of Millikin. Of the seven children born to him—three sons and four daughters—two daughters survive him, with their mother. In his own family there were seven boys, of whom one brother is left.

Comrade Millikin became one of the most prominent men of his section of Louisiana, and a citizen of public spirit. Ever devoted to the cause for which he had fought in the sixties, he was buried in his Confederate uniform, showing the rank of general, U. C. V., for he was one of the leaders of the organization in his State. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and liberal in his contributions to his Church; high in Masonry, Knights of Pythias, and other fraternal organizations.

JOHNSON BUSBEE HARRIS.

On the 6th day of September, 1928, there passed away at his home in Jacksonville, Tex., Johnson Busbee Harris, one of the "Old Guards" of the Confederacy. Comrade Harris was born near Ralieggh, N. C., November 25, 1840. He was living in the State of Mississippi at the beginning of the War between the States, and served with honor and distinction as a member of Company G, 3rd Mississippi Cavalry, Chalmers's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. He was paroled at Grenada, Miss., on May 25, 1865.



J. B. HARRIS

On moving to Texas, he located at Karnes City, from which place he moved to Jacksonville, about the year 1910, where he made his home until his death.

His wife, who was Sarah Thankful Young, died in 1913. He leaves four daughters, by whom he will be sadly missed. He was a loyal member of the local Camp of Confederate Veterans of Jacksonville, having served several terms as Commander. He united with the Methodist Church in 1853, and was a faithful member to the day of his death.

[J. A. Templeton, Adjutant Camp No. 1555, U. C. V., Jacksonville Tes.]

WILLIAM E. BRADLEY.

William E. Bradley, one of Fredericksburg's oldest citizens, died at his home in that city on October 5, at the age of eighty-seven years. He had lived there all his life and was one of the city's most active residents. He served several terms in the city council and was prominently identified with local newspaper work before he retired.

William Bradley served four years in the War between the States as a member of Braxton's Battery, Fredericksburg Artillery, and was at both Gettysburg and Appomattox. His father James H. Bradley, was also in the Confederate army, and his grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution.

Comrade Bradley is survived by a daughter and two sons. Interment was in the Confederate Cemetery, at Fredericksburg.

C. L. BANNISTER.

C. L. Bannister, one of the best known residents of the Kanawha Valley, died on October 30, 1927, at Shrewsbury, W. Va., aged eighty-three years. He was born at Spring Hill, and had spent his life in the Kanawha Valley. He was a Confederate soldier, serving four years in the war. For many years he operated a ferry at Eagle, and had many friends along the river and was widely known for his many fine qualities of heart and hand.

He was survived by his wife, to whom he was married fifty-eight years, six daughters and two sons, also thirty grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. His six sons-in-law were pallbearers, and twelve grandsons were flower bearers.

Comrade Bannister was a member of the Methodist Church.

J. R. KELLY.

Died, at his home near Danville, Ga., on September 19, J. R. Kelly, Confederate veteran.

The announcement of the passing of this veteran of the Confederacy brings reminder of his gallant, though reckless, stand in defying, singlehanded and alone, the advance guard of Sherman's army at Gordon, Ga., which is some fifteen miles from Milledgeville, then the capital of the State and to which point Sherman was directing his march. In the later charge by Kilpatrick's Cavalry, he was captured and sentenced to death by a court-martial, but he made his escape and hid in a swamp until the army passed on. Readers of the VETERAN will remember the interesting article which appeared in the VETERAN for September, 1927, and which was contributed by T. D. Tinsley, of Macon, Ga., who now calls attention to the death of this brave, one-legged veteran, of whose heroism he was an eyewitness, and of whom he writes: "There are but few men who wore the gray that are left us, and not one like Kelly."

J. R. Kelly enlisted with Company B, "Ramah Volunteers," later transferred to the 14th Georgia Regiment, under Col. A. V. Brumley. He lost his leg at Jericho Ford, Va., on May 23, 1864, and was afterwards assigned as bodyguard to the famous Confederate spy, Belle Boyd, going with her in and out the Federal lines and assisting in getting valuable information for Confederate commanders. Of the ninety-nine men who enlisted at Gordon, Ga., on July 9, 1861, he is the last to go, surviving his sentence of death by over sixty years. He was buried in the cemetery at Liberty Hill, near Gordon.

Dr. E. E. ROWLAND.

After a long and useful life, our beloved comrade, Eugene E. Rowland, died at his home at Ruston, La., on December 5, 1928.

Dr. Rowland enlisted in Capt. R. M. Wallace's company, in June, 1861, which later became Company G, of the 9th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, of which he proved a faithful member to the final surrender at Greensboro, N. C., in May, 1865.

This company had upon its roll more than a hundred and fifty men, but to-day the writer stands alone as the only living member of that noted old Company G, which followed Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston to his death at Shiloh and was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Bentonville, N. C., in his last battle.

[George W. Terry, Sulphur, Okla.]

LEVI R. CASON.

April 19, 1839; May 13, 1927.

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

These words on his tombstone tell the life story of one who wore the gray. Levi R. Cason served with Company A, 28th Georgia Regiment, C. S. A., one of the first to volunteer and with four others of his company, the last to leave after Johnston surrendered in North Carolina. Most of the men left for home at once, but he waited to get his honorable discharge.

A friend to every man, he was loved by all. He was survived by his wife, six children, and eleven grandchildren. The Confederate flag draped on his casket was later presented to the Robert Toombs Chapter, U. D. C., of Toombsboro, Ga., and has since been used on the caskets of more than a dozen Confederate veterans.

GEN. J. W. GOODWIN, U. C. V.

James W. Goodwin was born at Boone's Hill, Tenn., on November 7, 1845, and on the 26th day of August, 1928, at his home in Asheville, N. C., he fell into the eternal sleep, widely mourned as Christian gentleman, brave soldier, and loyal friend.

In November, 1861, James Goodwin volunteered in Capt. D. G. Smith's company at Boone's Hill, and during the following month his command was placed in S. A. Wood's brigade, and under Gen. A. S. Johnston. He was in many important engagements and was promoted to second lieutenant of his company. He was wounded slightly at the battle of Chickamauga, but afterwards participated in the strenuous fighting around Richmond. While in command of his regimental picket line in front of the Confederate fortifications, April 2, 1865, he was captured and sent to Old Capitol Prison in Washington, D. C., from where he was sent, on May 22, to Johnson's Island, and on the 18th of June, 1865, he was returned to his Tennessee home.

After completing his interrupted education, J. W. Goodwin studied law, and he served two terms in the Tennessee legislature. Most of his life was devoted to newspaper work in Tennessee and elsewhere. He was for a time publisher of the *Fayetteville Express* and other periodicals. For twenty-two years he lived in Asheville, N. C., where he was an active member of Zebulon Vance Camp, U. C. V., and for years he was the efficient Commander of the Fourth Brigade, North Carolina Division, U. C. V., with the rank of general.

He was married to Miss Mary Sumner in Pulaski, Tenn., and this union was blessed with six children.

AT BEAUVOIR CONFEDERATE HOME.—After a long illness, I. H. Mobley died at the Confederate Home, on August 12, aged eighty-four years. He was born in Lawrence County, Miss., August 4, 1844, and served with Company E, 4th Mississippi Cavalry, Starks' Brigade, Buford's Division, Forrest's Corps.

[Marcus D. Herring.

Comrade Mobley was one of six brothers who served in the Confederate army; two of whom are still living, one in Texas and the other in Louisiana.

CORRECTION.—In the sketch of B. L. Stevens, page 348, September VETERAN, it is stated that he was a member of the Urquhart-Gillette Camp, U. C. V., of Norfolk, Va., when it should have been Courtland, Southampton County, Va. This Camp was organized at Courtland on August 18, 1890. This correction is made by L. L. Manry, Commander of the Camp.

AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.—Referring to the article in the VETERAN for September, page 341, on "Confederates Abroad, or Idle Hours at Johnson's Island," Mrs. Felix Smith, of Wayne, Pa., writes that her husband, Capt. Felix R. R. Smith, of the Engineering Corps, was one of those prisoners, and a close friend of Capt. Dan Philips, whose name was signed to the paper, and she didn't understand why her husband's name was not on it. That list simply gave those who had signed the paper found by the kinsman of Talbot Greene, and who sent it to the VETERAN. The full list of prisoners who were incarcerated at Johnson's Island from first to last would be more than the VETERAN could use in one number.

STILL YOUNG AND ACTIVE.

In a neat typewritten letter, James P. Coffin, of Batesville, Ark., sends his renewal order for the VETERAN, and adds:

"May I be permitted to say that I am writing this letter on my ninetieth birthday (September 22), and I am writing it myself, not dictating it. I was born and reared in East Tennessee; volunteered in Company E of the 4th Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry in the early days of August, 1861, which became Company I of the 2nd Regiment, Tennessee Cavalry, when reorganized, at which time I was elected second lieutenant of the company and served as such until November, 1863, when our first lieutenant was taken from us. I then became first lieutenant and served as such until surrendered near Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston (God bless his memory!), and was paroled May 3, 1865, near Charlotte, N. C., and returned to my home, going then to my wife, who was at her father's home in Hawkins County. In Rogersville, I took my 'cussin' and came to fully realize that mountain climate was not salubrious, and later came west to "grow up with the country, landing in Lawrence County, Ark., later coming to Batesville. And here I am yet, one of the less than twenty Confederate veterans now residing in this county."

May the climate of Batesville continue to be "salubrious" for this comrade and give him many more years of health and activity!

THE FERGUSON BROTHERS IN THE WAR.

The following comes from Mrs. A. N. McBride, 1818 North Kingley Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.:

Stephen Ferguson enlisted first with the 1st Regiment of Georgia Volunteers. He then joined the artillery, Battalion E, under Stonewall Jackson, and served through the entire war.

D. P. Ferguson also served through the war.

Dave Ferguson was killed in action at Talladega, Ala.

Lon Ferguson joined, when sixteen years of age, with Forrest's Cavalry, under General Wheeler; was captured about the close of the war and kept a long time in Camp Chase, where he suffered everything possible, but finally escaped. He enlisted from Jacksonville, Ala. I would like to hear from any of his comrades.

These were all my brothers, now in heaven.

MORE THAN A CENTURY OF LIFE.

Elias L. Cheatham, of Chesterfield County, Va., who died in Petersburg last February, had reached the age of one hundred and two years. He was born in 1826, and was a native and lifelong resident of Chesterfield County. During the War between the States he served with Company E, 51st Virginia Regiment. After the war, he returned home and resumed farming, in which he continued to the end. He was survived by a daughter, thirteen grandchildren, twenty-seven great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.

WEST VIRGINIA CONFEDERATE.—W. Cam Hart, of Elkins, W. Va., writes to add another name to the list of veterans of that section who have attained great age. This last is Mr. J. W. Detter, "a fine old Confederate soldier and gentleman, aged eighty-nine, a surviving member of the Stonewall Brigade."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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Chatham, Va.

MRS. OSCAR MCKENZIE, Montezuma, Ga. *First Vice President General*

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MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Registrar General*
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. JAMES E. WOODARD, Wilson, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: Invitations have been received by the President General to attend conventions of the Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, Ohio, West Virginia, Florida, Tennessee, Maryland, Arkansas, Kentucky, and other Divisions held during the month of October. It would have been wonderful to attend each of these conventions; to become more familiar with their activities, to know personally the women upon whose intelligent interest and hearty co-operation depends the future of these Divisions. The press of work in the office rendered it impossible to accept but three of the invitations. Would that I could have accepted all.

My deepest appreciation and heartfelt gratitude is hereby expressed for the graciousness of the invitations extended and the warm words of personal greeting which accompanied each invitation.

The *Washington Evening Star*, September 12, 1928, carried the following item, which will interest each member of our organization. Under the caption, "Lee Mansion Flagstaff Corroded by Age Removed," the article continues: "Time, working its potent power on Arlington's hills across the Potomac River, has brought down from its fifty-year watch in front of Lee Mansion the towering flagstaff which carried at its head, where all might see, the American flag, and silently ended for all time a controversy over this historic landmark. For many years sectional contention centered about the old staff, the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy objecting to the breaking out of the American flag at its head, the flag that was the banner of the North, while General Lee, whose mansion lay at the foot of the staff, followed the Stars and Bars in the States' conflict. The Grand Army of the Republic, on the other hand, fought for the retention of the staff.

"The Fine Arts Commission in 1925 recommended the removal of the staff because, it explained, the old pole did not harmonize with the beauty of the mansion and landscape. The War Department approved the recommendation and executed a contract with a local concern for the removal of the staff to a position in front of the house of the commandant of the reservation. A storm of protest arose immediately when the Grand Army of the Republic renewed its battle for the prolonged life of the staff. So virile was the objection to its removal that John W. Weeks, then Secretary of War, ordered the removal contract canceled and the staff unmolested."

The United Daughters of the Confederacy yield to none in their allegiance to the flag of a united America, but, as one drives through the grounds of Arlington, it is most pleasing for purely esthetic reasons, as well as from an innate sense of

the "eternal fitness," to have the view from the Lee Mansion unobstructed by a disfiguring flagpole, and one turns with greater reverence than before to the near-by amphitheater where the Stars and Stripes catch the "gleam of the morning's first beam."

The Chairman of Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries is completing a year of most constructive and effective work. Books have been sent by Miss Hanna to George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn.; the University of North Carolina; Emory University, Georgia; Florida Woman's College; Hector Church Memorial Library; Oxford; the Bodleian Library; the American Library in Paris; Parliamentary Library, Ottawa; to all Foreign Libraries, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

The Pageant of America.—Four additional volumes of the entire set of fifteen will be completed this month, the remaining three the publishers expect to have completed not later than January or February.

Of the American Photoplays, fifteen are now completed and ready for distribution. The Yale University Press is concentrating on these for the purpose of developing teachers' aids to be used with the films in the classrooms, to be followed by using the films as an apparatus for teaching American history.

TRANSPORTATION, HOUSTON CONVENTION, NOVEMBER 17-25, 1928.

Mrs. Walter Allen, the efficient chairman of the committee, will supply Identification Certificates to be used when purchasing the railroad tickets. Mrs. Allen's address is 2515 West Grace Street, Richmond, Va. The reduced rates cannot be secured except upon the presentation of the Identification Certificates to the ticket agent.

Mrs. Allen has arranged a most pleasing route, including a stop of some thirteen hours in New Orleans, La., giving an opportunity for the delegates to visit many interesting points in the city. No route, however, is obligatory, and the reduced rates apply on all railroads. But the Identification Certificate *must* be secured in order to obtain these rates.

The hostess Chapters of Houston are preparing many delightful functions and diversions, including a visit to the battle field of San Jacinto, and an afternoon in Galveston.

Amid all the delightful anticipations of these pleasures, may we be ever mindful of the definite purpose of our assembling. From the Pacific to the Atlantic, from Massachusetts and Connecticut to the Gulf of Mexico, we come together primarily to renew our vows to the principles of our organization as defined in the constitution, to remind ourselves of the

unselfish devotion and steadfastness of purpose of our Confederate fathers and the fortitude and unwavering faith of our beloved mothers; we come to render one to another an account of our stewardship, and by friendly intercourse and loving companionship to strengthen the ties of friendship binding us to one another in a mutual interest and a common cause.

Very sincerely,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

CREDENTIALS FOR HOUSTON CONVENTION.

A message from the Credentials Committee for the Houston U. D. C. Convention, November, 18-25:

Members of the Credentials Committee request you to register as early as possible. Especially are Houston delegates urged to do this.

The registration desks will be found in the room adjoining the Rose Room of the Rice Hotel, and Mrs. J. Wilcox, General Chairman of the Houston Convention Committee, will provide doorkeepers to assist in hastening our work, which begins Friday, November 16.

Yours for a large registration,

THE CREDENTIALS COMMITTEE.

Mrs. L. U. Babin, Chairman, Baton Rouge, La.; Mrs. L. B. Newell, Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. J. C. Blocker, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Mrs. Rudolph Blankenburg, San Diego, Cal.; Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Thomas Newbill, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Richmond, Va.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Alabama.—With Mrs. George Cryer, President of the William Henry Forney Chapter, of Anniston, presiding, most interesting and enjoyable meetings were held in May and June. At the May meeting, tribute to the late Sidney J. Bowie, of Birmingham, was paid by Mrs. Joseph Aderholt and a most interesting program was rendered.

In the June meeting the program was featured by the Chapter's appreciation to their retiring President, Mrs. Cryer, and Mrs. Harry Ayers, in a fascinating manner, gave a paper on the life and beautiful character of Jefferson Davis.

Fayette Chapter entertained three other Chapters, and many prominent women visitors were heard during its session. Miss Emma Shepherd, the very capable President, presided, and the well-arranged program was beautifully rendered. Among the speakers were Mrs. B. B. Broyles, of Birmingham, our State President; Mrs. C. N. Maxwell, of Tuscaloosa, Vice President; and Judge H. M. Bell, loyal supporter of the Fayette Chapter.

Brief reports were given by Presidents of the visiting Chapters, and the address was by Mrs. C. N. Maxwell, a gifted speaker. Mrs. A. M. Grimsley, Recording Secretary for the Alabama Division, gave the closing prayer.

With Mrs. J. E. Threadgill as President, the meeting of Troy Chapter was good. Splendid reports from recent conventions were given by Mrs. J. B. Leslie.

Our beloved Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky delighted the many members by her wonderful report as chairman of scholarships of the State Division. She reported that eighty-five boys and girls are benefited by this fund each year. She depicted the Confederate reunion at Little Rock, Ark., so vividly that the members felt almost as if they had attended.

Installation of officers for the ensuing year was an impressive part of the program.

At the meeting of R. E. Rodes Chapter of Tuscaloosa, several musical numbers by Miss Ethel Getman of the university and vocal solos by Miss Opal Davis made a colorful

setting to the wonderful talk by Mrs. Charles N. Maxwell, President, given in the form of a report. Mrs. Maxwell, gave in detail the Opelika convention, and was assisted by Mrs. J. Barnett. The unveiling of a tablet at the Georgia-Alabama boundary as a memorial to distinguished Southern heroes was told in a most interesting way by Mrs. Woolsey Finnell.

[Mrs. C. W. Dauge, State Editor.]

* * *

Arkansas.—Our Daughters mostly are home from their summering of rest and recreation and the Chapters are active again. The Kellar and T. J. Churchill Chapters began their activities recently, and Memorial Chapter (all of Little Rock) has held its first session since vacation. Delegates were appointed to both State and general conventions. The Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Widows was increased, the appeal being liberally responded to.

On September 27, Admiral Semmes Day, the Historian of Memorial Chapter, Mrs. A. B. Howard, gave some very interesting incidents in his life, both military and naval, also his private life. Chief among them was an interview with President Jefferson Davis in regard to obtaining ammunition to stock his ship, the Sumter, very interesting and instructive. Another ceremony of this occasion was the bestowal of a number of Crosses of Service on our World War heroes.

The James F. Fagan and Jenkins Ferry Chapters very recently dedicated a granite monument on the site of the Jenkins Ferry battle field. The stone was cut from South Carolina granite and finished by Monahan & Son in Little Rock.

Our State convention comes soon in Pine Bluff, and very interesting and exciting times are anticipated.

[Mrs. William Stillwell, Publicity Chairman.]

* * *

Georgia.—Mrs. Trox Bankston, State President, has appointed Mrs. Kirby Smith Anderson, of Madison, Ga., who has been Assistant Historian for the past year, as Historian of the Georgia Division. Mrs. Anderson is the successor of Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, for so many years the beloved Historian of the Georgia Division. She is a conscientious worker and has done splendid work for the Georgia Division, both as Registrar and as Assistant Historian.

The annual State convention was held in Atlanta, Ga., October 23-25, with the Fulton Chapter as hostess. There was elaborate entertainment of the guests, and the occasion was one of the most delightful in the history of the Division. The presence of Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President General, and Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, Vice President General, added greatly to the occasion.

The Georgia Division gladly welcomed three new Chapters during the current year, as follows: The Mildred Lewis Rutherford Chapter, at Lithonia, Mrs. C. H. McConnell, President; The Fayette County Chapter, at Fayetteville, Mrs. J. W. Culpepper, President; The Catoosa Chapter, Ringgold, Mrs. M. D. Costephens, President.

[Lena Felker Lewis, State Chairman.]

* * *

Louisiana.—This division is working to have the people of the State vote favorably in November on the bill passed by the legislature in May which provides \$210 back pay to those on the Confederate pension rolls. Mrs. F. P. Jones,

Division President, is urging all Chapters to assist. She also is pushing the sales of "Women of the South in War Times."

Four chairs that had been in the State capitol for more than forty years, once the property of Emperor Maximillian, and were donated to the Louisiana Division, by Gov. Huey P. Long, through Mrs. L. U. Babin, Past President, and Mrs. Jones, President, and are now placed in the Dixie Museum at Louisiana State University.

New Orleans U. D. C. will be hostesses on November 17 when general officers and delegates will stop over there for "Play Day." Mrs. Charles Granger, the chairman, leads all Louisianians in attendance at general conventions, having attended seventeen.

Through the First Vice President, Mrs. A. P. Miller, Mrs. Jones, President Louisiana Division, sent a wreath to the dedication of the Winnie Davis Memorial Room in the Jefferson Davis home at Beauvoir, Miss.

* * *

South Carolina.—Two of the South Carolina Division officers have been especially active in the effort to have the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" eliminated from the revised Cokesbury Hymnal, issued recently by Lamar & Whitmore, Agents, of Nashville, Tenn.

A letter was written to Mrs. J. Frost Walker, of Union, State Registrar, by this publishing company, asking for suggestions in regard to the book.

Mrs. Walker enlisted the aid of Miss Marion Salley, of Orangeburg, State President, and they both framed letters asking that this hymn, which wounds the hearts of Southerners, be omitted, because it brings back the abolitionist's perverted views against the South in 1861.

The request was granted. We rejoice that this song has been eliminated from this revised Hymnal, and feel that Southern Methodists especially will enjoy singing beloved songs which lift hearts to Christ from its pages with more peace and happiness.

Perhaps it is not so well known, but this "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is used as a standard hymn in every hymn book in use.

Look and see. Perhaps its origin is not known. Do you know that it was written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe to inflame the hearts of the North against the South, and no doubt had a terrible effect in prosecuting the war?

Since we are now brothers in peace and war, it behooves us no longer to sing a song of this nature.

[Zena Payne, Editor.]

* * *

Tennessee.—The annual convention of the Tennessee Division was held in Morristown, October 9-12, with the Sam Davis Chapter as hostess, of which Mrs. T. R. James is President. Mrs. Lowndes Turney, State President, gave a detailed report of the condition of the organization throughout the State, which showed that steady progress was being made. There are now seventy-two Chapters, nine new Chapters having been organized during the past year; and she urged that greater stress be laid on the educational work. Her entire report showed efficient work, and a spirit of coöperation on the part of all the Chapters throughout the State for the further advancement of the great work being done.

The convention indorsed the President's action in appointing a committee for the Sam Davis Memorial Home Association. The chairman of this committee told of the State's appropriation for the purchase and restoration of the old historical home of Sam Davis at Smyrna, and for having a road built from the main highway to the home. Furniture of the

period of the sixties will be added to the building by the Chapters and individuals throughout the State.

The convention recommended another memorial scholarship at the University of Tennessee, this to be known as the Gen. A. P. Stewart Scholarship. There are now twenty-nine scholarships awarded to students in this State.

The sum required for the Confederate Memorial Hall at Peabody College for Teachers, at Nashville, has been subscribed by Chapters in the State, but all pledges have not been paid. In the Confederate Room in the War Memorial, Nashville, pictures, relics, and memorials have been placed, others to be added. Especial mention is due the reports of Chapters whose membership is composed of young girls and the Children's Chapters. The Children are deserving of much praise, for to them is given the work to "carry on" as the old members retire and become inactive. That the work will be fittingly taken up and continued was ably demonstrated by the reports from the Children's Chapters. Two books receiving the indorsement of the convention were "The South in American Life and History," written by Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, of Nashville, and "A Youth's History of the War of 1861," by R. G. Horton.

Another recommendation was that the legislative committee endeavor to secure from the next session of the State legislature an appropriation for the maintenance of eligible Confederate women in the Confederate Home of Tennessee. Miss Frazier's bill for this admission to the Confederate Home was passed last session, but it provided no funds for their support.

The convention went on record as favoring an effort to have the school board of Bluff City and the county board of Sullivan County restore the name of "Zollicoffer" to the high school at Bluff City.

To article 9 of the constitution was added: "And a Memorial Day to the women of the Confederacy on April 5."

One of the "red letter" features of the convention was Historical Evening. A most able address on "What Forces or Influences Made the Confederate Soldier the Great Soldier that He Was," by Dr. John Rosser, of Bristol, was given. Nineteen prizes and medals were awarded for the best essays and outstanding work done by Chapters and individuals.

Mrs. J. H. Hardwick, of Cleveland, who organized the Jefferson Davis Chapter, of Cleveland, and one of the most active members of the organization, was elected Honorary President of the Division, an honor justly deserved.

The social features were delightful. There were receptions, teas, and luncheons, one of these at the old Tate Springs, and a drive over the Clinch Mountain road, with its beautiful view of the surrounding country.

The following officers will serve for the coming year:

President, Mrs. Lowndes Turney, Chattanooga.

First Vice President, Mrs. Charles W. Underwood, Sewanee.

Second Vice President, Mrs. B. M. Cowan, Collierville.

Third Vice President, Mrs. Eugene Monday, Knoxville.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. A. Cragon, Jr., Nashville.

Treasurer, Mrs. T. R. James, Morristown.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. P. Taylor, Chattanooga.

Historian, Mrs. J. Wade Barrier, Johnson City.

Registrar, Mrs. O. A. Knox, Cleveland.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Kirby Smith Howlett, Franklin.

Custodian of Flags, Miss Eliza Claybrooke, Nashville.

Poet Laureate, Mrs. Virginia Frazier Boyle, Memphis.

Director of C. of C., Mrs. O. N. Allen, Chattanooga.

[Mrs. Elliott M. Buchanan, Chattanooga.]

West Virginia.—The thirtieth annual convention of the West Virginia Division was held on September 26–27, in Parkersburg, at the Elks Club. The opening meeting and reception were held on Tuesday evening, September 25.

Reports from the various Chapters showed an increase in interest, work, membership, and contributions, to the various causes, both State and national.

The Division project for the treatment and restoration of the Lee Tree on Sewall Mountain was taken up, and work will be started this fall. The Alderson Chapter presented the State President, Mrs. Hoover, with a gravel made of wood from the tree.

Mrs. B. M. Hoover, our most efficient and capable President, was indorsed for the office of Historian General, and her name will be placed in nomination at the Houston Convention in November. There is no one in the entire organization better fitted for this office than Mrs. Hoover. She has been an earnest student of history for years and has done research work in the Congressional Library and War Department. She was a charter member and Chapter Historian of the John Hart Chapter N. S. D. A. R., and one of the founders of the Randolph Historical Society, and is a member of the International Society of the Daughters of the Barons of Runnemede. She has a wonderful amount of historical work to her credit, and, if elected, will make a Historian beyond compare.

The social features of the convention were very pleasant and greatly enjoyed.

The meeting next year will be in Huntington, and all of the old officers were reëlected, as follows: President, Mrs. B. M. Hoover, Elkins; First Vice President, Miss Ethel Hinton, Hinton; Second Vice President, Miss Sallie Lee Powell, Shepherdstown; Recording Secretary, Miss Anna M. Stephenson, Parkersburg; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Anna Feamster, Alderson; Treasurer, Miss Mary C. Stribling, Martinsburg; Historian, Mrs. Rudd T. Neel, Huntington; Director Children of Confederacy, Mrs. J. I. Snodderly, Fairmont; Custodian of Crosses of Honor and Service, Miss Maria Vass Frye, Keyser.

TO OUR VETERANS.

[A toast given by Miss Emma Hampton at the luncheon with which Mrs. J. H. Hardwick, founder of Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Cleveland, Tenn., honored the local Chapter, State officers, and other friends, on Tuesday, September 11, at the beautiful new Cherokee Hotel.]

Madam Toastmistress, Beloved Hostess, and Honorary President, Daughters of Jefferson Davis Chapter, and Visiting Friends: I count it an honor, a great honor and a happy privilege, to be permitted to bring to you, to-day, a tribute to our veterans, the first and dearest object of our care.

Many wonder why we love them so and exalt them as we do. That to me is a question easily answered.

Were we to apend a busy lifetime in their service, we could never repay them for what they have done for us.

We should never lose sight of the fact that through four long years they suffered, bled, and an innumerable host of them died to prove their love for us.

Drummond calls love "the greatest thing in the world," and we read in Holy Writ that "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

What a joy it is to look into the beaming faces of those dear old men as they greet us on the street! How our hearts warm toward them as they sit for hours recounting their thrilling experiences of war times! And when, with grateful

tears, they try to express their appreciation of birthday and Christmas showers, picnics, and other entertainments prepared for them, we wish that we might keep them always for the pleasure it gives us to serve them.

We have a most unique distinction in our girl veteran, Blanche Jordan Greene, who was given a lifetime membership in John D. Traynor Camp, U. C. V., in her babyhood, thus bestowing on her the distinction of being the only daughter, or granddaughter who is a member of a Camp of Veterans.

In this beautiful act our local veterans honored her by wrapping around her the mantle which fell from the shoulders of her sainted mother. As this child of our affection blooms into young womanhood, her love for the veterans grows stronger and sweeter; and, as joint hostess with her grandmother, she takes unbounded pleasure in entertaining our "Men In Gray" with an annual memorial dinner, which to them is the crowning glory of every year.

"When the gray line breaks on the last long mile,
God grant them 'Hail!' and a cheery smile.
In the brave front ranks may they always stand—
God keep them there—at his right hand."

FOR HISTORIAN GENERAL.

The West Virginia Division presents Mrs. B. M. Hoover, President of the Division, as a candidate for the office of Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to succeed Mrs. John H. Woodbury, Historian General, upon the expiration of her term of office in November, 1928.

Mrs. Hoover received unanimous indorsement at the Division convention held in Parkersburg in September, 1928, and her friends in West Virginia and in other Divisions will appreciate support.

For the Division:
Parkersburg, W. Va.

ANNA M. STEPHENSON,
Recording Secretary,

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN H. WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

U. D. C. Topic for November.

Confederate Officers formerly in the United States Navy.

C. of C. Program for November.

Make a study of the city of Vicksburg, Miss.; tell where located, who founded it, and named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peaody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*
Atlanta, Ga.



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ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster
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MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
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TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

The rare privilege of enjoying real old-time Southern hospitality in the most delightful setting came through a recent visit to Huntington, W. Va., where two weeks that sped all too soon were spent in a round of charming social activities that filled each day with receptions, luncheons, teas, and drives through the wonderful hills and valleys of West Virginia. Mrs. B. B. Burns, mother of our lovely page to the President General at Little Rock, was hostess for the first week, and with our own State President of West Virginia, also President of the local Memorial Association, Mrs. D. D. Geiger, the last week was given, and no words can express to both hostesses the deep joy of the heart in finding such responsive and cordial cooperation in planning every detail of the visit. From the small dinner party given the evening of my arrival, bringing together for acquaintance outstanding women in the work of the Association, to the tribute paid in the beautifully appointed luncheon at the New Hotel Pritchard, when opportunity was given of addressing and meeting more than a hundred members of the Association, with the added presence of the local veterans and heads of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, followed the next day by an elegant reception at the home of my hostess, Mrs. Burns, many Memorial women were enjoyed, with leaders of other patriotic organizations. Later invitations to address the two local Chapters, Nos. 150 and 151, U. D. C., was most appreciated, as was the opportunity to speak before the Huntington Chapter, D. A. R., at their first fall meeting.

The value of personal contact cannot be overestimated, and in meeting and discussing various phases of each organization, the spirit of real interest in our own work is broadened. The hope and prospect of a Junior Memorial Association was ever present, and while slow in materializing, the conferences were encouraging. Such visits bring a realization of the great value of personal contact and the regret that time and strength could not allow more such opportunities. To Huntington, with the charm, culture, and hospitality, and to the friendships formed there, memory will revert with keenest pleasure as long as life shall last. The only sad note was the absence of our dearly beloved former President, whose draped vacant chair was a mute evidence of the sorrow of the community over the passing of Mrs. Emma T. Harvey, beloved wife of Judge Thomas H. Harvey, who is now lying ill, awaiting the summons to call him to the beautiful reunion where parting is

no more, and where with the beloved wife and comrades of the great conflict he shall rest. He wrote his name high upon the honor roll of those who served our beloved Southland during the trying days of the sixties, and who are now, as U. C. V., our proudest heritage.

* * *

The Georgia Division, U. D. C., meets in Atlanta, October 23-26, when our President General, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, also First Vice President General, Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, will be guests sharing honors with Mrs. W. Trox Bankston, State President for Georgia, and with Mrs. L. D. T. Quinby, President of the hostess Chapter. All Atlanta is interested in making of this the most enjoyable, as well as successful convention.

* * *

OUTSTANDING WORK OF THE NEW ORLEANS ASSOCIATION.—

At the last meeting of the Ladies Confederated Memorial Association of New Orleans, La., held September 5, at Memorial Hall, the members were made very happy by the announcement of Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson that the 1928 State legislature of Louisiana had passed an Act presented by the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association, and a committee from the Louisiana Division, U. D. C., for an appropriation of \$2,800 to complete the Endowment Fund of \$5,000 raised for the perpetual care and the equipment and the upkeep of the Louisiana Room, in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. The bill, known as No. 113, was passed unanimously. This is an encouraging message from our Louisiana women to those who are still active and aiming to complete their several funds.

* * *

SOME THOUGHTS BY THE WAYSIDE.

Drummond wrote that "Love is the greatest thing in the world," and a greater than he has said that "Love is the fulfilling of the law, love one another," and yet despite this, from almost every outstanding organization—political, patriotic, cultural, or social—comes the echo of an undercurrent of unrest, of petty jealousies, of lack of Christian charity among our women's organizations. Clubs are split up, Chapters disrupted, Associations wavering with unrest, and leaders everywhere puzzled as how to best bring harmony among the membership. No chain is stronger than its weakest link. Success comes only through united effort, and the putting of personalities aside in "honor to whom honor is

due." Place the cause above the person, bearing ever in mind the divine promise, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall inherit the kingdom of God." May we each one strive in our little sphere to make of this world a more beautiful place in which to live.

Mrs. Winnie McWhan, who has been appointed Custodian of Properties, is a sister of our dear Miss Daisy Hodgson, and of the same splendid type of patriotic Southern womanhood—loyal, true, and dependable—which insures the best care of all that is placed in her possession.

Let me urge that every Association begin at once to canvass for subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine, which is the official organ of the U. C. V., the U. D. C., the Memorial Association, and the S. C. V. Only through keeping in touch with the VETERAN can we have a comprehensive understanding of all the great work being accomplished for the cause so dear to our hearts. Do not wait, I beg, until January, but get pledges now.

With every good wish for success in all your work, and affectionate regards to each,

Cordially, MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General.*

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

A card from Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary General from New Orleans, announces the death of the Vice President of the New Orleans Memorial Association. The local Association, she says "feels most keenly this loss, but the work must go on with more effort than ever. It will not be long before the last of the men in gray will be laid away, and the women of the sixties are rapidly following."

Miss Hodgson also announces "success in securing from the Louisiana State legislature an appropriation for the Louisiana Room in the Confederate Museum of Richmond, Va., \$2,800. For years the Ladies Confederated Memorial Association of Louisiana has been hoping to reach the goal. While the bill to pay the veterans and their widows \$240,000 due them, our bill, too, was favored and went through the House and Senate with but one dissenting vote. This amount gives the Louisiana Room an endowment of \$5,000, a perpetual upkeep. The difference between \$2,800 and \$5,000 was raised by the loyal Confederate Memorial Association, assisted by a band of faithful coöperative U. D. C." The late President of the local Memorial Association was Mrs. W. J. Behan, former Regent of this room; upon her death in 1918, our beloved Daisy M. L. Hodgson has held that honor on the Board of Regents for the State.

* * *

While in the New England States this summer, on vacation bent, inclination again drew me into an afternoon among musty documents, safeguarded in the Old Boston Mass., State House, now a Mecca for those who delight in events of the past. "Come, read," invited my companion and husband, himself a lover of the ideals of the Old South. Together we peered over the glass exhibit case to read two enlightening documents.

The first, a hand bill, printed in 1830, in Boston, announcing that on Friday afternoon a certain man by name of Thompson, an abolitionist, would be tarred and feathered on the Boston Commons because of his activities. He would, however, be permitted to run the gauntlet between two lines of young men selected to punish him.

The second, an excerpt from an address by Daniel Webster, at Faneuil Hall, March 7, 1854, in which he admonished that "we should not permit the fanatics and abolitionists to secure control of our affairs of State. If these fanatics secured con-

trol and enforced their will, the Constitution of free States was endangered, for they would stop at no effort to force upon Americans their interpretation of that Constitution, and to compel every one to think as they thought through oppressive violence, and our country would be torn by strife and drenched in blood."

ANNIE CARTER LEE.

(From the *Southern Churchman.*)

Died, October 20, 1862, at Jones Springs, Warren County, N. C., Annie Carter Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

"Earth to earth, dust to dust—"
Saviour, in thy word we trust;
Sow we now our precious grain,
Thou shall raise it up again;
Plant we the terrestrial root
That shall bear celestial fruit;
Lay a bud within the tomb
That a flower in heaven may bloom.
Severed are no tender ties,
Though in earth's embrace she lies,
For the lengthening chain of love
Stretches to her home above.
Mother, in thy bitter grief,
Let this thought bring sweet relief—
Mother of an angel now,
God himself hath crowned thy brow
With the thorns thy Saviour wore,
Blessed art thou evermore;
Unto him thou didst resign
A part of the life that was thine.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust—"
Sad the heart, sweet the trust;
Father, thou who see'st Death
Gathering grain at every breath,
As his sickle sharp he wields
O'er our bloody battle fields,
Murmur not that now he weaves
This sweet flower into his sheaves.
Taken in her early prime—
Gathered in the summer time—
Autumn's blast she shall not know,
Never shrink from winter's snow.
Sharp the pang that thou must feel,
Sharper than the foreman's steel,
For thy fairest flower is hid
Underneath the coffin lid;
On her grave thou dropp'st no tear;
Warrior stern must thou appear;
Crushing back the bitter grief
Which in rain, demands relief.
Louder still thy country cries,
At thy feet she bleeding lies;
And before the Patriot now,
Husband, father both must bow.

But unnumbered are thy friends,
And from many a home ascends
Earnest heartfelt prayers for thee
"As thy days thy strength may be."

—Tenella.

[Sent by Col. W. L. Timberlake, Crichton, Ala.]

Sons of Confederate Veterans

EDMOND R. WILES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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 Dr. George R. Tabor, Oklahoma City, Okla. *Surgeon in Chief*
 W. D. JACKSON, Little Rock, Ark. *Quartermaster in Chief*
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 CHARLES T. NORMAN, Richmond. Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

GENERAL S. C. V. ACTIVITIES.

NEW CAMPS ORGANIZED.

Felix H. Robertson Camp, No. 129, S. C. V., Waco, Tex., was organized September 26 with the following officers and members:

Tom Hamilton, Commander; Sam R. Scott, First Lieutenant Commander; J. W. Dudley, Second Lieutenant Commander; W. B. McJunkin, Adjutant; Bert Perry, Treasurer; Barney A. Garrett, Quartermaster; Hon. Giles P. Lester, Judge Advocate; Dr. J. T. Harrington, Surgeon; W. D. Stallworth, Historian; W. D. Rogers, Color Sergeant; J. W. Sedberry, Chaplain. Other members: Dr. J. E. Lattimore, Dr. H. T. Connally, O. M. Weatherby, L. A. Woods, Holt Massey, F. Latham Downs, Alva Bryan, I. N. Rainbolt, Frank Holt, Lawrence Westbrook, C. T. Reisner, Birch D. Easterwood, John A. Hughes, Dr. W. A. Trice, E. W. Carter.

Camp D. H. Boyles, No. 228, S. C. V., of Marlin, Tex., was organized September 27, 1927. The officers and members are as follows: George H. Carter, Commander; W. E. Hunnicut, First Lieutenant Commander; Ben H. Rice, Second Lieutenant Commander; J. H. Barnett, Adjutant; Dr. J. W. Tolbert, Treasurer; J. M. Liles, Quartermaster; Prentice Oltorf, Judge Advocate; S. A. Watts, Surgeon; Dr. F. H. Shaw, Historian; R. E. Cox, Jr., Color Sergeant; D. S. P. Rice, Chaplain. Other members: Dr. O. Torbett, E. B. Holloway, Dr. N. D. Buie, A. B. Johnson, C. W. Rush, J. B. Oltorf, J. J. Gallaher, Jr., D. R. Emerson, Dr. S. S. Munger, Dr. E. P. Hutchings.

FOR LARGER CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

A drive to arouse interest in the increasing of pensions of Confederate veterans and widows of Confederate veterans is to be started soon by Edmond R. Wiles, Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. He is to make talks at several State conventions of Confederate veterans and Confederate organizations, in which he will stress the obligation of the State to the representatives of the Confederacy.

A compilation has been made which shows that in thirteen Southern States, not including Missouri, a total of 22,529 veterans and 33,173 widows are being paid pensions by the

States in which they live, ranging from \$8 to \$50 a month. The number of Confederate veterans living to-day is estimated at not more than 26,000.

No report was received from Missouri when asked for information on Confederate pensions. However, there is not a large number of veterans in that State, as was noticed from the small number that registered at the reunion in May.

Arkansas is the most liberal State in the South regarding its Confederate veterans and widows. Each is paid \$50 a month, a fund obtained from the sale of Confederate pension notes. The original note issued was for \$3,000,000, to which \$1,000,000 will be added next year. The fund will have a large balance from the next note issue, after deductions are made for the whole year's pensions.

CHANGES IN LAW URGED.

Commander Wiles has recommended several changes in the pension law which, if enacted, would provide more benefit to Confederate veterans and would correct conditions now existing that are detrimental. Other States are expected to follow the leadership of the Arkansas legislature in providing for the welfare of their own veterans and widows.

Mr. Wiles has recommended that the time of residence of a veteran or widow in Arkansas before a pension can be obtained be raised from one to three years. This would remove the temptation to move to Arkansas just to obtain the pension.

Quarterly meetings of the State and county pension boards are recommended to pass on applications. In many cases death may overtake the veteran or the widow before the board can act on the application.

A pension of \$200 a year is recommended for all negro ex-slaves who can establish beyond question the fact that they served their masters in the War between the States and to negroes who can establish their enlistment in an organization of the Confederate army or navy. Four States of the Confederacy now pay pensions to negro servants and to those actually enlisted in the Confederate service. These are North Carolina, which pays \$200 a year; Tennessee, \$10 a month, and Mississippi and Virginia, which pay \$40 a year. A bill is pending in Louisiana to pension negro body servants.

WANTS BOARDS INCREASED.

Additional members of the State and county pension boards also is recommended on account of the ages of the veterans who are serving on them, to facilitate handling of pension applications, and to protect the State against any possible fraud in the cashing of pension warrants, an auditor, to be paid from the pension fund, is recommended.

The Division Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the State President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy are recommended to be members of the State pension board, in addition to the Division Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, the Secretary of State, and State Auditor. To county boards, Mr. Wiles recommends adding the county judge and a member each of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The list of living veterans and widows in each State, compiled by Mr. Wiles, is of historical interest as well as of value in showing the first such report completed in several years and the rapid thinning of the host that once was the pride of the Southland.

It is a deplorable fact that only a few States pay as much to sustain its Confederate soldiers as is allowed for its dependents and paupers, which in many States is \$300 a year. The pensions paid in some States are inadequate to sustain a veteran or widow without outside assistance, and efforts are to be made to bring about a division upward in the Confederate pensions.

No set amount is recommended for pensions, Mr. Wiles stated, except that each State should put its Confederate veterans on a par with other States that are paying a pension that will provide the necessities of life.

FUTURE ACTIVITIES.

(REPORT OF JOHN HALLBERG, COMMANDING TENNESSEE DIVISION.)

(Continued from October Number)

SCHOOL HISTORIES.

There have been histories and histories—histories which taught whole truths, and histories which taught no truth at all.

The dangerous results of these characterless historians responsible for the questionable histories written and published in the seventies, eighties, and nineties of the last century, have created an unwarranted criminal atmosphere around the political leaders of the "Old South" and the military leaders of our Southern armies. To the reasonable minded but uninformed person this is rank injustice; but to the school child whose mind offers fertile soil for the growth of these dangerous and hurtful impressions, it is a sad tragedy.

The present hour offers a more encouraging outlook. Public opinion is gradually changing and leaning away from these hurtful and unwarranted charges. A more sincere and sympathetic understanding of our point of view is being entertained. This had been accomplished through the energetic efforts put forth by the Veterans, Daughters, and Sons. Let us examine statements of those whose leadership in the North is undisputed:

It was William Howard Taft who set aside a plot of ground in Arlington Cemetery to receive Confederate dead.

It was the late Theodore Roosevelt who had the Confederate rank of general placed upon the gravestone of Gen. Joe Wheeler.

It was the martyred William McKinley who said in Atlanta: "It is now time for the Federal government to take care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers."

It was the late Warren G. Harding who said: "There were ambiguities in the Constitution that could only be wiped out by a baptism of blood."

It was Calvin Coolidge who said: "They were all Americans fighting for what they believed to be their rights."

Expressions from these representative leaders show clearly the direction public opinion is taking. These kind and generous statements should stimulate our efforts to establish the truth of the cause, the truth of every battle, and the truth of the entire story. Close inspection of all histories should be continued with the view of correcting any facts which contradict the true situation.

SLAVE UPKEEP.

During the war, the Southern women were usually left alone on the large plantations and homes with only their slaves for protection. Camps should seek these worthy black men and, if found in need, should render assistance. The expense of such upkeep will be found very small. They will average less than one ex-slave to each Camp. The cost of their upkeep will only be a few dollars a month, spent for grits and tobacco and some old cast-off clothes.

ERECTING MARKERS AND DEDICATING CEMETERIES.

Division and Camp headquarters should regard with sacred respect their activities in erecting markers, monuments, and building and dedicating cemeteries.

We should be on the alert in developing from a State standpoint monuments to individual heroes, to certain companies, battalions, brigades, and divisions, and armies of the Southern cause, the historic record of which leans strongly for its background upon the local color of some Southern State. Battle fields should never be forgotten, and the best means of preserving them is through monuments to these great strategic struggles.

OUR UNKNOWN SOLDIERS.

We have our unknown soldiers sleeping in unknown graves. At Silverdale (close to Chattanooga), a cemetery was discovered during the year 1900 where one hundred and fifty-seven unknown Confederate soldiers were buried.

Many Confederate soldiers returned to their firesides in health and in their strength. Many returned home in a crippled condition, but many of them never returned to see the homeland they loved or to be welcomed once again to the arms of friends and relatives. These heroes passed away in the darkness of the night before the bright rays of peace had brought an end to the weary struggle. Many of these heroes sleep to-day in unknown graves.

Besides these unknown graves, no mother has ever come and expressed her tribute of parental affection. No orphan's tears have mingled with the dewdrops which have fallen from the skies. No blood or marriage relations have come to these graves and knelt down and offered up to God an expression of prayer. The memory of these unknown heroes deserves our greatest offerings. They deserve our first flower and our first tears.

It is the duty of the Divisions and Camps to locate all such graves and cemeteries. Every record should be carefully inspected for names and dates, after which proper and fitting respect should be shown the graves by erecting markers and monuments, and by caring for cemeteries.

A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

The following letter was received by Comrade R. C. Crouch, of Morristown, Tenn., in response to expressions of appreciation to the little blind poet of Scotland, whose tribute to Stonewall Jackson appeared in the *VETERAN* for September. She writes thus:

114 TANTALLON ROAD, LONGSIDE,
GLASGOW, S. I., SCOTLAND, 27, 9, 28.

"Dear Mr. Crouch: Your letter simply radiates a glow of kindness, and I should like to say a very cordial 'thank you' for the appreciation and good wishes which it contains.

"I am very proud that my verses have found their way into a magazine devoted to the exploits and achievements of the gallant Confederates, who never fail to stimulate my enthusiasm and fire my imagination. Generals Jackson, Lee, Beauregard, Stuart, A. S. Johnston, and J. E. Johnston, all occupy a place in my gallery of heroes, and I have read so much about them that I have come to regard them as living, breathing friends, who yield a rich quota of stimulus and inspiration for the demands of the day. The Southern cause must be fragrant with many precious memories to you, when you served so long under its banner. It makes the events of these stirring years very real to me to come into letter converse with some of those who participated in their hazards and triumphs.

"I live in a little world where the bookshelf and the typewriter both play a prominent part. The former serves to widen the mental horizon and quicken my interest in the past, while the latter gives my prose and verse that shape and form in which they go forth to find a place in newspaper and magazine. My days speed swiftly by in these congenial employments, while I have other interests, such as music, radio, and writing to friends. I am wheeled in my chair to church, and on many out-door rambles, when weather permits, so that I get a surprising amount of enjoyment out of the quiet happenings of the every day and an exhaustless fountain of pleasure from my writing, when ideas are fertile and inspiration strong. Some years ago, I gave a number of recitals of my own work, and my verses on General Jackson always aroused great interest on account of their theme.

"I only hope that a closer union of sympathy and understanding may speedily be an accomplished fact between your country and ours, and that both may join in labors for the well-being of the world.

"With cordial Scottish greetings from our circle to yours, and every kind wish,

"Yours in appreciation and regard,

BARBARA ROSS MCINTOSH."

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the Confederate Veterans, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by company.

STEINER-STONER FAMILY.—If interested, I will furnish genealogy from 1397 on this family. Very interesting to those desiring to join the D. A. R. or S. A. R., as it gives Colonial and Revolutionary data. I also have the family coat of arms.

E. BOYD MARTIN, Hagerstown, Md.

HISTORY OF WALTHALL'S BRIGADE.

In this number of the *VETERAN* is advertised the "History of Walthall's Brigade," written by the late E. T. Sykes, of Columbus, Miss., who served as adjutant general of Walthall's Brigade. The manuscript of this history of the brigade, with other important papers, was turned over to Dr. Dunbar Rowland, Director of the Department of Archives and History for the State of Mississippi, several years ago, but its publication has been delayed until now. Of this history, Dr. Rowland wrote:

"Of the many distinguished writers who have prepared and collected Confederate history for the Historical Department, none have been more helpful and sincerely interested than Gen. E. T. Sykes, of Columbus. His accurate and scholarly history of Walthall's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, which was recently presented to the Department, makes one of its most valuable contributions to Confederate history and will form a part of one of the most interesting volumes issued, or likely to be issued, by the Director in the future."

Later, in writing to the author a personal letter, Dr. Rowland said: "Your monogram, with the brigade order book and correspondence between Generals Walthall and Pettus as to statements of the Alabama colonel in the Lookout Mountain fight, now in my possession, make your file as to Walthall's Brigade quite complete; and what you too modestly term 'A Cursory Sketch' deserves to be ranked with the best interpretations of the deeds of our fathers."

Read the advertisement in this number and order a copy from the daughter of the author. All survivors of Walthall's Brigade should be interested in this work.

VALUABLE LEE DOCUMENTS.

Two interesting documents connected with Gen. R. E. Lee have been reproduced in pamphlet form by the Lee Museum Committee of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., and can be procured at 25 cents per copy. One of these pamphlets gives the famous "General Order No. 9," General Lee's farewell address to the Army of Northern Virginia; the other is the "Last Will and Testament" of our great General, and so far as known is the only document of the kind ever written by General Lee. Both of these pamphlets will be valuable additions to any collection bearing on the life and service of General Lee. Send orders to the Lee Museum Committee, and thus make a contribution to that work.

HISTORICAL CHRISTMAS CARDS.

A Christmas card of more than ordinary interest and beauty is that gotten out by Matthew Page Andrews, our "historian," and which will help to keep before us the priority of the Jamestown settlement. The card is illustrated with pictures of the three ships which brought the first "goodly company" to our shores—the Goodspeed, the Sarah Constant, and the Discovery—and the little bit of historic record given makes it all the more worth while. Three cards for one dollar, with a discount on large lots. Order from Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

WANTED.—Information on Capt. Pat Simms, Company K, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, and a list of the surviving members, if any. The skirmishes or engagements which took place at Monticello about April 11, 1863; and on the Confederate burial ground at Monticello, also J. C. Slaughter.

RAMON GEORGE EGAN, 433 Milwaukee Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE RED CROSS.

The National Chamber of Commerce expresses its confidence in the American Red Cross by calling upon its member organizations to contribute to disaster relief, only upon Red Cross assurance that an appeal is necessary. Business men in nearly every community are to be found as leaders of the local Red Cross Chapters, or coöperating in their welfare projects for the community. The annual Roll Call, from November 11 to 29, is another opportunity to serve the community by helping to enroll a full Chapter membership in the Red Cross.

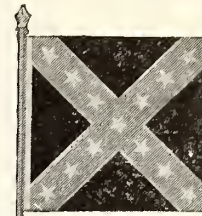
Mrs. Lizzie E. Woodson, Glasgow, Ky., writes in behalf of John A. Carver, of Clarksville, Tenn., now old and feeble and in need of a pension, who served under Captains Beaumont and Akers of some Tennessee Regiment. At the close of the war he was at home on sick leave and did not get his discharge papers. Anyone who can testify to his service will please communicate with Mrs. Woodson.

The Library of the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va., wishes to complete its file of the VETERAN, and any friends who want to contribute their old volumes from 1893 to 1— are asked to communicate with Miss Nellie T. Gibbs, Librarian, as to what volumes or numbers can be furnished.

Mrs. Sallie Owen, widow of William Franklin Owen ("Bud" Owen, he was called), living at Marvell, Ark., seeks to establish her husband's record as a soldier of the Confederacy. It seems that he and his cousin, John Owen, and one George Brown, all young boys, went to a camp near Kingston, Ga., and enlisted, but the war closed before they were really in it, and they were paroled at Kingston. He was enrolled in the company of Capt. Jim Vault, first lieutenant Sam Smith, under a Colonel Johnston, evidently of Georgia troops. Any information is asked for.

If there is anyone living who knew Solomon Pruett as a Confederate soldier, please communicate with David M. Cloud, Benton, Ark. Pruett was a soldier of an Alabama regiment, and while stationed at Tuscaloosa and helping to build breastworks, his leg was broken and he was furloughed home. Returning to the army, he worked in the government wagon shop at Tuscaloosa and was honorably discharged in 1865. He also had two brothers in the service. His widow is poor and needy, and any information on his service will help her to get a pension.

WANTED.—A thousand dollar Confederate bill. Anyone having one for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN. A patron wishes to secure this for his collection of Confederate money.



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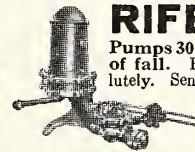
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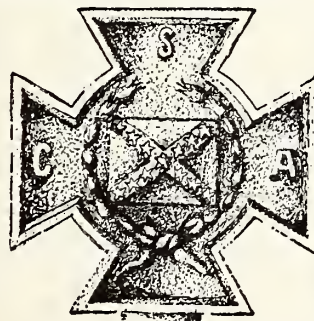
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Any old books on or by Edgar A. Poe; or any edition of John B. Tabb's poems. Will also buy old books on Virginia, or by Virginians, or copies of newspapers known as "Saturday Museum" or "Dollar Newspaper," published in Philadelphia in 1842 and 1843. Address COLLECTOR, Box 442, RICHMOND, VA.

The widow of John M. Hyatt, now living at Lubbock, Tex., is in need of a pension, and would appreciate hearing from anyone who can give any information on the war service of her husband. It seems that he was in the last call for troops and worked for the Confederate government at Kaufman, Tex. What company he was connected with and also what work he did for the government are necessary to be known. Address Mrs. Sarah M. Hyatt, 1626. Eighth Street, Lubbock, Tex.



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